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NEW MASSES

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FRANCO ON A LIMB
by Claude Cockburn

HITLER IN HILLBURN
THE INSIDE STORY OF HOW A NEW YORK TOWN WAS INVADED BY BERLIN. AN EXPOSE BY RICHARD O. BOYER

THOSE MISSING VOTES
by Alter Brody

THE RUSSIANS AS I SAW THEM
by Edgar Snow

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ELECTION SIGNPOSTS

By the Editors

THAT nationwide trend toward reaction that we've heard so much about seems to have gone into reverse in the New York City elections. The fact is, of course, that, as we pointed out last week, this trend is not at all the tidal wave that Republican propagandists have painted it. And the results not only in New York, but in a number of other cities—for example, Cleveland, New Haven, and Waterbury, Conn., Wilkes-Barre and York, Pa. —do not follow the trend and hold large intimations of what is possible in 1944.

The New York City elections are particularly instructive. New York is not only the nation's largest ctiy, but next to Washington its most important political center. It is of no small moment therefore that in the voting for the new City Council the progressive forces substantially strengthened their positions and that as part of this process two Communists were elected. That four days after the election an editorial in the New York *Times* saw fit to describe the Communists as a "reckless domestic minority" that "has not gained prestige," only reveals the singular talent of that newspaper for riding its prejudices even in the face of obvious facts. Certain it is that the real loss of prestige in the New York election was suffered by the Red-baiters, by those who use Hitler's not-so-secret weapon to divide the people. Those who read the political heavens with science, not astrology, cannot miss the meaning of the fact that in the three principal boroughs, Brooklyn, Manhattan, and the Bronx, the highest first-choice votes went to candidates who have been as foully Red-baited as any men in public life—Councilman Peter V. Cacchione, Communist, Councilman Stanley M. Isaacs, progressive Republican, and Michael J. Quill, independent Laborite. Such readers of election portents will not fail to note that the Communist, Cacchione, received the highest first-choice votes of any candidate in the city; that Isaacs got the highest final total; and that ninety percent of the Bronx ballots carried the name of Quill—first, second, third, etc. choice. Nor will they overlook the meaning of the debacle of the right-wing clique of the American Labor Party, who reaped the whirlwind of disruptive Red-baiting and Tammany tactics, losing two of their three councilmen and polling low votes for their other councilmanic candidates.

Of special significance was the election of Benjamin J. Davis, Jr., who becomes the first Negro Communist to hold public office in this country. Davis won election because of his distinguished record of service to the Negro people and because, as in the case of Cacchione, thousands of voters, Negro and white, most of them non-Communist, saw in him an active fighter for victory in the war, for civic progress and good government.

THE strong progressive vote has produced a bumper crop of attacks on the proportional representation system under which minority parties are able to elect candidates. Paced by Hearst's *Journal American*, Councilman Hugh Quinn, ultra-reactionary Democrat who is much admired in Christian Front circles, threatens to introduce a bill to abolish PR. The abolition of PR would, however, require the vote of the citizens as well as of Quinn's cronies in the council, and the enemies of this democratic voting system are busy creating the necessary public confusion. Quinn makes the crushing charge that "the Communists campaigned to get voters to mark their ballots for the Communist candidates." Presumably the Democrats campaigned to get voters to mark their ballots for Republicans, and Quinn himself got elected by stumping for a couple of other fellows!

Then there is the charge made by Roy Howard's dispenser of the Goebbels line, Frederick Woltman, that the Communists "exploited racial, religious, and nationalistic feeling." This attack on the Communist candidates' defense of the rights of Negroes, Jews and other minorities is itself a species of racism, the natural twin of Woltman's maniacal anti-Communism. With characteristic casuistry, the *Times* lifts a regal eyebrow and announces—again without regard to fact—that "the candidates generally favored by PR's warmest friends are decidedly in the minority" in the new council. And speaking, of course, as one of these "warmest friends," the *Times* suggests the evisceration of PR.

But it remained for the "liberal" New York *Post*, unofficial organ of the right-wing ALP cabal, to launch the most venomous assault on PR. Employing statistical sleight-of-hand, the *Post* tries to make it appear that "If New York City at all resembled its new city council, we'd have about one and a quarter million Communists," 420,000 Republicans and 420,000 American Laborites. The *Post* achieves this remarkable result by a simple trick: it reads out of the Republican Party two of its three newly elected councilmen, Stanley M. Isaacs and Mrs. Genevieve Earle—both of whom the *Post* endorsed—awards membership in the Communist Party to a non-Communist, Michael J. Quill, and then concludes that every person who voted for Cacchione, Davis or Quill is a Communist and, moreover, represents an equivalent proportion of Communists among the non-voting population, not excluding infants in arms. The *Post* calls for a campaign to abolish PR next November and to substitute election of councilmen "by districts." But this is the system under which the last board of aldermen in 1937 consisted of sixty-three Democrats—for the most part creatures of the boss-ridden reactionary Tammany and Brooklyn Democratic machines—and but two Republicans, with no other groups represented.

However, the people of New York voted to get rid of that undemocratic system. They must be on their guard against efforts to talk them out of what they have put in its place. No system of representation is perfect, but PR is the best that has thus far been devised. Under it the Democrats in the new council will still be somewhat over-represented in proportion to their first-choice votes, the Republicans and the labor councilmen, including the Communists, slightly under-represented. But the Democratic stranglehold has been broken in that they will no longer command the three-fourths vote necessary to override the Mayor's veto.

As for the Communists, the "secret" of their success is decidedly of the open kind. They elected two councilmen and received a total of 107,000 first-choice votes because of the issues they stood for and the way they brought these issues to the people. Policy plus organization produced results. But the Communist Party holds no exclusive patent on this formula and is only too happy to have other candidates and parties use it.

NEW YORK was not the only city in which the progressive, win-the-war proposals and well-organized campaigns of Communist candidates won increased recognition from the voters. The more than 47,000 votes polled by Arnold Johnson in Cleveland, the 40,000 for Oleta O'Connor Yates in San Francisco, the substantial rise in the Communist vote in Boston and Detroit express a desire for unity in the war effort. They indicate that, despite all obstacles, the forces that are drawing people together irrespective of political affiliation, race or religious belief are becoming stronger and that collaboration between Communists and non-Communists is a fact of growing importance in American political life. One need not exaggerate this development, but to turn away from it is to be blind to the movement of history. Only through a larger and more dynamic unity can the outcome of the 1944 Presidential and Congressional elections be such as to guarantee that our country will measure up to the great responsibilities of the war and the peace.

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NM SPOTLIGHT

French Currents

REALITIES have a way of crashing the firmest barriers. When General Giraud could not be packaged for consumption in Algiers, the State Department launched the enterprise of making him more popular with Americans than he was with the French. The project inevitably failed because Giraud's political convictions were overhung with clouds of suspicion and because he had no roots in the resistance movement. His resignation as co-president of the Liberation Committee marks the end of this phase of Washington's intervention. Giraud could not carry through the pretense and his restricted position as the authority in charge of military affairs will probably find him happier than he has been for months.

The latest Committee reorganization is probably the beginning of many more in the future. As time goes on the Committee will be compelled to make fresh adjustments, just as official British and American attitudes will have to undergo alteration. There is nothing static in the North African scene. As the moment approaches for the invasion of French shores, the Liberation Committee will have the job of completely eliminating the incursions of factional politics in some of its work. Simultaneously, Washington's churlish recognition will have to transform itself into something more amicable, otherwise it risks unnecessary resentment on the part of a vital anti-Nazi force in Europe.

At this writing the relation of the Communists to the Committee is not clear. The newspaper reports are contradictory although it would seem that the Communists are not at all opposed to participating provided they are given a post of real responsibility, a post consonant with their position as one of the leading parties in the underground movement. The Communists are, of course, critical of those DeGaulleists who accept the Moscow agreements with reservations. They point out that it is of utmost importance to cooperate with the other Allies and that reservations impede the winning of the war. However, until there is a definitive communique as to what has been transpiring it will be best to withhold detailed comment.

Meanwhile in Lebanon, which has been a French mandate, the Liberation Committee has imposed martial law. This indeed is bitter irony. The Committee is engaged in retrieving the independence of France, yet impedes independence for a country hardly the size of Connecticut. Lebanon's parliament took seriously the French Committee's agreement to grant independence—seriously enough to revise the constitution to conform with that status. Now the Committee has apparently changed its mind and has ordered the arrest of Lebanon's president and prime minister.

The issue is no small one. Lebanon is an integral part of the Arab Moslem world embracing some 250,000,000 people in a vast crescent from Dakar across North Africa, the Near East, and the Middle East. It took bitter struggles to defeat Axis propaganda which exploited the Arab unity movement. If the matter of Lebanon's independence is not settled satisfactorily it may result again in conflict, inevitably hurting the cause of the United Nations. The French may be fearful of a squeeze from the British who have large interests in the area and are taking full advantage of the French blunder. But it would be the blindest folly to let these rivalries disillusion the Arabs who take the Atlantic Charter as more than a piece of parchment.

International Teamwork

THE United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA), composed of forty-four united and associated nations, is off to an auspicious start. In heralding the agreement signed at the White House which brought this new international agency into existence President Roosevelt said, "Nations will learn to work together only by actually working together." We were reminded of a similar thought expressed by a leader in another warring nation just a few weeks ago: Madam Sun Yat-sen had cabled, "We must remember that progress toward democracy is like learning to swim. One learns not by talking about it but by getting into the water." UNRRA is now taking the plunge. Its representatives are currently meeting in Atlantic City to plan the steps that must be taken immediately to execute the mandate which they have given themselves.

UNRRA, it should be noted, is not a postwar organization. On the contrary it is an instrument created to speed the winning of the war. In accepting the post of director general, former Gov. Herbert H. Lehman placed emphasis upon UNRRA's immediate task of stabilizing conditions behind the lines in the liberated areas so "the energies of our armies can be directed solely to fighting in the war." For this purpose the resources of the supplying nations, of which the United States is the greatest, must be harnessed for immediate use in such areas in cooperation with local governments. The Director General has put forward as the cardinal principle governing the activities of UNRRA "the principle of helping people to help themselves." He envisages no plan of long-continuing relief which might interfere with the self-determination of those to whom relief is administered. Instead he looks forward to a program which will overcome the emergency situation created by the ravages of war, a program to enable nations "to live in dignity and in self-respect" as "self-reliant members of the world community." He warns against undue interference with the governments or internal political situations of the receiving nations.

All members of the nations fighting to exterminate the Axis must welcome the emergence of UNRRA. Here is an international instrument designed to forward the Moscow Agreements. Dedicated to speeding victory, UNRRA sets an historic precedent for coalition effort in the field of rehabilitation. We have confidence that it will execute its mandate quickly and effectively.

Toward Labor Unity

THE British Trades Union Congress has announced the calling of a world labor conference to be held in Great Britain for the two week period beginning June 5, 1944. Invitations are being issued to the central labor organizations of the thirty-eight members of the United Nations and neutrals. Already the CIO in this country has instructed President Murray to accept as soon as the formal invitation has been received. It may be assumed that the Railroad Brotherhoods, on record for international labor unity, will also accept. The national trade union movements of Canada and Latin America, as well as the CTAL, which constitutes a federation of the Latin labor movements, will certainly welcome this opportunity to carry forward the policies for which they have long stood. Thus the majority of the labor

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movement in this hemisphere will join with its brothers in the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and China to form the nucleus of a meeting which promises to become historic.

Such an international labor conference marks a victory for the more advanced sections of the labor movement over the reactionary influence of Sir Walter Citrine, secretary of the TUC, and the Woll-Dubinsky-Nagler clique of the AFL. Citrine and his American cronies stand defeated in their effort to prevent this important step toward labor unity. The British secretary has been forced to retreat by pressure from within his own organization, by the constant leadership provided by the Soviet trade unions, by the statesmanlike move made by President Murray of the CIO several weeks ago in announcing the CIO's intention to call a world labor conference, and by the insistent demand of the Latin American workers, led by Lombardo Toledano, for the closest possible cooperation among working people throughout the democratic world. These pressures from progressive workers in many lands have become irresistible as a result of the progress of the war against the Axis and particularly as a result of the magnificent outcome of the Moscow conference of foreign ministers.

The holding of the world labor conference is not the only victory to be noted. In direct contrast to the previous insistence of the Citrine crowd that labor was concerned solely with postwar issues, the first item on the June agenda is "furtherance of the Allied war effort." While it is disappointing that the date of the meeting is as late as June—it should have been called at the earliest possible moment—the conference will nevertheless convene and set to work as an integral part of the war effort itself.

The urgent job of all AFL members is to bring such enormous pressure to bear upon their organization's executive council as to force the rout of the obstructionist clique. All American labor must join in the vital task of speeding victory through national and international unity. The first step in that direction is to respond promptly and wholeheartedly to the CIO's initiative in forming a distinguished US delegation for the June conference.

The Bishops' Statement

THE statement of the Catholic bishops on the principles of a future peace would be deeply dismaying at any time but its publication now reinforces the outburst of appeaser calumny against the Moscow agreements. Of the opinion that the declarations represent a move "in the right directions," the bishops, however, cannot forego the judgment that in prospect are "compromises" on the ideals of the Atlantic Charter. Thus they are left uneasy—an uneasiness which they say is heightened by omissions from the Moscow documents. What those omissions are is left for the reader to fathom, but one suspects that they involve questions which would divide rather than unite.

All these charges, to say the least, are ambiguous and harmful particularly when they are issued by the representatives of a Church whose leader in Rome is a prisoner of the Nazis and whose only guarantee of safety and freedom depends on the success of the military strategy decided upon in Moscow. But more, the Moscow agreements are the best assurances that the Atlantic Charter will not be betrayed; for, in the most practical terms, they give bone and muscle to the Charter's ideals. Of what avail would the high-minded resolutions of the Charter be if there were no coalition agreement to implement them politically and militarily? The agreements are the cement binding the four great powers to a unity of principle and action without which the future of the secular and non-secular world will be one long road of chaos.

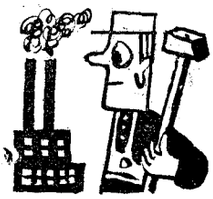
The bishop's emphasis on the religious domain as the source of all good is an opinion to which they are completely entitled. Furthermore, there is nothing in the Moscow agreements to collide with such convictions except that they also guarantee the rights of those who disagree. This is clear in the declaration on Italy which affirms freedom of religious worship. Perhaps there are those in the American Catholic hierarchy who consider such freedom an evil derived from social progress. But any other concept would represent a retrogression incompatible with the American democratic tradition.

The bishops are to be commended for their denouncement of Negro-baiting and attacks on Mexicans. We could, of course, have wished for a forthright indictment of the fascists who foment these race hatreds. In fact, we consider it a blatant omission that they say nothing about recent pogroms against Jews in Boston, Connecticut, and elsewhere. But the statement dealt primarily in generalities whose very nebulousness leaves the bishops open to the serious criticism that they fail to understand that the highest moral force in wartime is that which welds the family of nations against the enemy and which, from within, tightens the unity of all people behind a total war effort and behind the leadership of the President. It is tragic indeed that the enemies of such unity will find comfort in the bishops' pronouncements.

Memo!

Because of the Thanksgiving holidays, New Masses will go to press one day earlier next week. The issue will appear on the New York newsstands on Wednesday instead of the usual Thursday.

Obsolete Formula



THE whole question of revising the Little Steel formula, raised by the CIO at its recent convention and now placed squarely before the War Labor Board, has been precipitated by a fundamentally false approach to inflation on the part of Congress, industry, and sections of the administration. The myth that inflation results from the illusory "extra buying power" in workers' pockets has led to the stabilization of wage rates while all other premises of the President's seven-point anti-inflation program have been ignored. Price control, subsidies, equitable taxes, ceilings on profits and on swollen incomes have been assiduously evaded. But the Little Steel "solution" was based on the assumption that a relationship existed and should be maintained between wages and the economy as a whole. Failure to check rising living costs has upset that relationship and made the Little Steel formula obsolete.

The CIO, in asking that the formula be replaced by wage stabilization related to the realities of the present-day economy, is not advocating inflation (which bears down hardest on labor), but is seeking a sounder base for achieving true stabilization that will help increase production and bolster morale throughout the nation. It must be continually emphasized that the CIO's program rests firmly on its unconditional no-strike pledge. In this respect, William Green's threatening words to the War Labor Board seem ill-advised. The labor movement generally accepts the board as an agency of government essential to the settling of industrial disputes in war time. The board must be preserved. What is wrong is the failure of the board to recognize new conditions.

Those members of the WLB who threaten labor with new legislative sanctions should the unions persist in revising the Little Steel formula, indulge in uncalled-for provocation. Again, it is not a matter of any lack of power by the board; it is rather the board's slavish adherence to an arbitrary formula when the conditions which gave rise to that formula no longer exist. This doctrinaire approach played into the hands of John L. Lewis and made it necessary for President Roosevelt to step in and take the settlement of the mine crisis out of the WLB's hands. Similar intransigence on the part of Director of Economic Stabilization Fred M. Vinson is now threat-

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ening to result in a tieup of the nation's railroads—though NEW MASSES does not believe such a strike is justified under any circumstances so long as the war lasts.

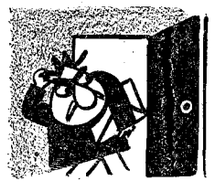
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S appointment of a five-man committee of WLB members to investigate the cost of living appears to be in response to labor's contention that the government's indexes do not accurately reflect the rise in living costs. If this inquiry results in an upward revision of the Little Steel formula, it can only be welcomed. However, the committee is to report within two months. It is no substitute for the War Labor Board's immediate recognition of the facts of life and its voluntary scrapping of the outworn Little Steel formula. This needs to be accompanied by action to keep prices in line through subsidies and more effective rationing, and by tax schedules that will tap swollen corporation profits and individual incomes above $3,000 a year.

Poll Taxers at Bay

WE DON'T know the loss of exactly how many cruisers or bombers would be equivalent to success of the tactics now being employed to defeat the Anti-Poll Tax bill recently reported out of the Senate Judiciary Committee. But there is no question that every delay in correcting this long-standing disgrace represents a substantial Axis victory. This is a literal truth. Anyone familiar with Japan's plans for this war and with her prosecution of it knows the extent to which our enemy's appeal to the colonial and other colored peoples of Asia and the South Pacific has been based upon our denial of the franchise to millions of Negroes in the South. For twenty years the Japanese fascists have made capital of this gross imperfection in American democracy. Nor has the Hitler propaganda machine failed to make the most of the issue. Any Latin American will tell you that one of the most effective and consistent points plugged by the Hitlerites is the treatment of Negroes, including the poll tax discrimination. The fact that the poll tax discriminates against millions of white citizens as well does not lessen its propaganda value to our enemies.

We have been witnessing for years the work of a handful of poll tax representatives, senators, and their reactionary allies in maintaining this evil on our books. They have been the spokesman for nobody but themselves and the small fascist-minded minority which, by means of such weapons as the poll tax, stultify the free expression of the voters' will. Today they speak not only for that infamous group but for the Axis itself. They will move heaven and earth to prevent passage of the Marcantonio repeal bill by the Senate. They will attempt it by filibuster, as they did a year ago, and they attempt it by tricky maneuvers like the O'Mahoney proposal for a constitutional amendment. The only way to defeat this evil clique is to exert enough public pressure upon the Senate that the necessary two-thirds of its membership will vote for cloture on the debate. If this moment is not seized upon by all the country's democratic forces, we and our allies among the United Nations will suffer a serious defeat.

Nix on Reynolds



"OUR BOB" REYNOLDS isn't going to be "ours" after January 1945. The senator from North Carolina, who fell in love with Hitler in 1938, who called for war against the USSR in 1943, who discovered the "alien menace" way back in 1932, and who prides himself in his America First connections, his isolationism, his scurrilous anti-Semitism, and his lynch-hate against the Negro people—Sen. Robert Rice Reynolds is not going to run for reelection in 1944.

The playboy turned fascist ostensibly doesn't want to take his mind off his duties as chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee—so he says. But two weeks before he made his momentous announcement, Robert Reynolds was assidously exploring his chances to win enough votes in 1944 to continue drawing his annual government check of $10,000 for another six years. Not that he needs the money so much anymore; at fifty-six he married well, for the third time, to the Hope Diamond heiress, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Evelyn Walsh McLean of Friendship. But Reynolds enjoys being in the nation's eye—and hair. His magnanimous withdrawal was dictated by a realistic estimate that he couldn't win enough votes to beat the opposition.

He couldn't win because his constituents are disgusted with his personal hi-jinks, with his buffoonery and vulgarity. He couldn't win because his hate sheet, the *National Record*, modeled after *Der Stuermer* and formerly called the *Vindicator*, is so blatantly Nazi in its anti-Semitism and virulent racism that the public got to know their would-be Fuehrer. He couldn't win because the entire North Carolina press turned away from him in revulsion, and because his defeatism caught up with him, along with his friendship for American Hitlerites like Deatherage, Coughlin, and Pelley, and along with his admiration for the Axis ("What is Hitler doing?" he asked rhetorically, and answered, "He is looking after the people of Germany.")

Reynolds' withdrawal, the better part of valor, is his most valued gift to North Carolina and the nation. Now progressives in his state can concentrate on electing a win-the-war-and-peace candidate. Governor Hoey, who wants the job, conservatively supports the war effort. But even the governor is no cinch against a better man when North Carolina goes to the polls.

Nice for Coughlin

FOR ten years Prof. Francis E. McMahon has taught philosophy at the University of Notre Dame. The college's Catholic authorities admit that his work was competent—until about three years ago when Dr. McMahon began wielding his philosophical sword against anti-Semites, Charles E. Coughlin, and the Franco regime. He has supported the administration's foreign policy and called for friendly relations with the Soviet Union. As a leading Catholic intellectual, Dr. McMahon's pronouncements have been widely endorsed by his co-religionists except those in the leadership of his own campus.

Now Professor McMahon has been dismissed because he refused, with complete justice, to submit his statements and speaking schedules for approval by the university. The Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, Notre Dame's president, holds to the opinion that only *he* can express judgment on such "controversial" matters as fascism—not a mere hireling in his pholosophy department. Of course Rev. O'Donnell is considerate enough to say that Dr. McMahon is entitled to his private convictions but only, it would seem, if they are uttered in a soundproof room with Dr. McMahon both speaker and audience. Behind this flagrant violation of academic rights is the university's Director of Studies, J. Leonard Carrico. Along with Father Walsh of Georgetown University, Carrico thinks that Stalin is a greater menace than Hitler and it was Carrico who warned McMahon to quit making such impudent remarks as calling Franco a fascist.

Fortunately Dr. McMahon's work has had its effects and Catholics throughout the country are asking the university to reinstate him. But it is a reprehensible state of affairs when the leading collegiate producer of football teams will not permit a member of its staff to defend democracy with at least as much energy as it shows on the gridiron. There are many Notre Dame graduates salvaging democratic rights on a dozen battlefields throughout the world. But perhaps Rev. O'Donnell thinks that a "controversial" matter also.

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THE WEEK IN LONDON by CLAUDE COCKBURN

FRANCO ON A LIMB

London (by wireless).

"AND Spain? What will happen there?" You hear that question two or three times a week in London. Indeed, you can hear it every time you discuss any of the general aspects of the political development of the war in Europe. It is symptomatic of the fact that the Spanish regime is in what can be called a state of chronic crisis. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it is plunging from crisis to crisis, toward an inevitable though still undated catastrophe.

One can draw a fairly distinct line marking off the present phase of the Spanish crisis—a line that may be drawn in two different places, according to whether one wishes to emphasize the political or military aspects. Politically, a clearly marked phase stretches from the fall of Mussolini to the Moscow conference with special reference to the latter's declaration on Italy and all it implies for the Spanish people. Militarily, the phase could be marked off as extending from the conclusion of the Tunisian campaign to the crossing of the Dnieper.

There's no doubt, according to the best Spanish news sources in London, that Mussolini's fall had an effect on high and low political levels in Spain—an effect unequaled to the time of the Moscow declarations. It was from that moment that the majority of Spanish monarchists, for example, and others who had given their general support to the present regime, began to assume that politically Franco was finished. Finished, that is, in the sense that his regime has no future though it may exist in a sort of stagnation for longer than is sometimes supposed.

Militarily, the real change in the situation occurred when the Germans first postponed and then apparently abandoned what I believe were pretty far developed plans for a possible extension of the Nazi's Tunisian rearguard action by occupying the Balearics and by setting up a skeleton military control of Spain on the Italian model. From the moment when it had to be assumed that the odds were heavily against a Hitlerite expansion toward Spain, this clearly became the principal ruling factor in all Spanish politics.

One leading Spanish Republican representative in London, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, told me this week in the course of a long analysis of the situation that he believed the Moscow declaration on Italy would be welcomed not only by the Spanish democrats, but would have a particularly powerful response because its principles closely follow the main line of democratic propaganda in Spain during the past year. Obviously the three leading powers at the Moscow conference unequivocally declared the necessity for removing fascism and guaranteeing the Italian people full democratic rights to decide the character of their government. That must have had an exceedingly stimulating effect on Spain, where for the past eighteen months that same demand has been agreed upon by all anti-fascist Spanish parties—including, so far as can be ascertained here, even a section of the monarchists.

IN REGARD to the question of monarchist maneuvers both in Madrid and London, there is a rather important divergence in the reports of Spanish Republican estimates of the situation. I give you both main lines of information though I must say that I myself am not entirely clear as to the correct interpretation of the mass of news or of significant rumor reaching us. One section of the Republicans seems to believe that the British government has been seriously and whole-heartedly supporting the monarchist intrigue against the Caudillo and putting its money on the monarchy as an alternative to Franco on the one hand and a popular government on the other. But others—by no means the least prominent or informed Republican leaders—think that the stories of British support of the monarchists have been puffed up to three times their actual size by the monarchists themselves. That there have been dealings is taken for granted, but this section of the Republicans believes that deals with the monarchists are only one phase—or sector, so to speak—of a wide British political and diplomatic action regarding Spain.

What at least emerges from these uncertainties is the fact that no one seriously believes the Franco regime can linger on very much longer. On the other hand, in the present situation there is uncertainty among those in Britain and the United States responsible for a policy as to the line to be taken.

And in this sense there is the obvious analogy between what is happening now in relation to Spain and the course of Anglo-American policy toward the House of Savoy. For in the Italian case you had a situation in which London and Washington apparently entertained the notion that it was possible to play the royal card without simultaneously giving the fullest backing to the anti-fascist parties, which were not at that time raising the monarchist issue. It looks now as if this notion has more or less come to grief.

IN SPAIN also it seems to have been a result of Anglo-American policy that the monarchist issue was posed as a serious one at all—posed, that is, in a negative sense since if monarchy was seriously to be presented as an alternative to Franco it had to become a political issue. In London, and according to information from Madrid, it now appears that there was a possibility of a general anti-fascist agreement between the Republicans and advanced sections of the monarchists on the basis that this issue must ultimately be left to a popular choice. In reality, of course, the position of the Spanish monarchists is not very dissimiliar from that of the French royalists who were able in pre-war days to exist as an active political group nominally favoring the return of a king—provided a king never returned. In the same way it is probable that the Spanish monarchists continue to exist as a sort of grandees' political club. But it is certain that monarchism and all its supporters would be rapidly exploded—once and for all—if a monarchy were really to return to Spain.

The hope here, though it cannot really be called more than that, is that the British and American governments, as a result of experiences in Latin Europe during the last few months, have shed some of their illusions on the subject. It is also hoped that the declarations of the Moscow Conference tacitly indicate a recognition of the necessity to change methods and change estimates of the real forces in Europe on which peace and prosperity can be based.

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FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

BALKANS NEXT?

On November 8 the Commander-in-Chief of Allied Armies in the Middle East, Gen. Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, made a radio broadcast beamed to Yugoslavia. In that broadcast he bluntly characterized many Chetniks as traitors who are "shamefully betraying the cause of their country, and adding to this shame by claiming that their action has British approval. This declaration is entirely false."

This is the third phase of British policy toward the fighting forces in Yugoslavia. The first phase was featured by unconditional support of the head Chetnik — Mikhailovich; the second phase by the attitude that both Mikhailovich and Tito were "patriots." In the present, third phase, Mikhailovich, it would seem, is put in his place and General Tito emerges as the true and only patriot leader.

Some sections of the press have characterized General Wilson's almost forthright declaration (I say "almost" because he did not name Mikhailovich in his forthright indictment of the traitors) as a preliminary to probable Allied operations in the Balkans. That analysis is entirely plausible. However, there are other straws to corroborate this opinion.

The Garigliano-Sangre line in Italy has been suddenly dubbed the "German Winter Line." There are reports that Rommel has been ordered to "hold the line for at least eight weeks." It is not particularly strong, and the Germans cannot make it much stronger in short order by employing hastily commandeered Italian slave labor. But there is a score of such lines across Italy between the Garigliano and the Po. Why do many American commentators emphasize this particular one also?

Perhaps because our campaign in Italy has been going all too slowly and yielding only non-decisive results. We are pushing up a bullpen without any maneuvering space. It's like playing football in a corridor. It may have been decided by our High Command that a shift of the center of gravity is now necessary, because Italy is now admittedly not a second front.

And here we have another straw in the wind in the form of a London report from Drew Middleton to the New York *Times* of November 8, which is decorated with the following telltale headline: "ITALY CALLED 'HOLDING OPERATION.'"

Writes Mr. Middleton: "Exactly one year after the Allies' landings in French North Africa there are abundant indications here that Britain and Northwest Europe are now the primary military theater in the West in which the United States and Britain hope to reach a decision within the next year. The Mediterranean theater—the only area where British and American troops are fighting the Germans —will probably diminish in importance during the coming year. . . . In ground operations the Italian campaign is assuming the attributes of a vast 'holding operation' currently pinning down 250,000 or more troops under . . . Rommel and Kesselring. . . ."

So now we see that Italy is nothing but a holding operation. Of course the word "vast" is a distinct over-statement, because Italy "holds" considerably less than one-tenth of the amount of German forces on the Eastern Front. Furthermore, some of the forces in Italy were there before we landed and would have stayed there even if we had not landed, so that we are actually "holding" no more than a half a dozen German divisions. However, all this is neither here nor there. The important thing is the realization that "Italy is no second front." We happen to have known this for almost a year.

But if Italy is not a second front and therefore cannot be decisive, it is still true that we acquired good air bases there. Take a compass and open it to four hundred miles according to the scale of your map. Stick one point into Foggia and swing the other point. It will pass through Genoa, Verona, and the Tarvis Pass between Pontebba and Villach, and will slide approximately along the entire northern and northeastern border of Yugoslavia, taking in bits of Austria, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria, as well as the northern half of Greece.

Thus we see that we have effective bomber coverage of the entire battle area of Yugoslavia and can bomb the railroads entering it from Axis-occupied countries. Furthermore, our fighters based on Foggia are within a radius of less than 200 miles from the entire Yugoslav coastline from Zara to Durazzo—and much closer to Valona.

We have absolute naval superiority in the Adriatic with tight air protection for our ships. The 250-mile chain of coastwise islands between Fiume and Dubrovnik (Ragusa) is in the hands of Tito's partisans. So the prerequisites for a stab into Yugoslavia are all there. Vigorous military action against the Germans is already being conducted. As a matter of fact, General Tito's Yugoslav Army of Liberation is engaging about as many German divisions as Generals Clark and Montgomery combined.

It would be impossible to mark all of Tito's fronts on a map. The result would look like a spotted leopard's skin, with the spots changing almost daily. There are always no less than a score of focal points of fighting in Yugoslavia. They mostly sit astride communication lines and the Germans are lucky if their railroads function smoothly one day out of every three. General Tito's strategy seems to be almost universal: he keeps hammering at the railroads leading into Yugoslavia from Italy, Austria, Hungary, and Rumania. He attacks the main transversal line running from Lybublyana via Zagreb and Brod to Belgrade. He keeps constantly threatening the ports of Fiume, Zara, Sebenik, Split, and Dubrovnik and periodically occupies them.

He holds the islands along the entire Dalmatian coast. On top of all that he constantly threatens the capital cities of Lyublyana, Zagreb, and Sarajevo. He is in close operational contact with the guerrillas of Albania and even with those of Greece.

All this is being done with an army of no more than 300,000 men, including the irregular partisans (who are an adjunct of the regular Army of Liberation), with maybe a dozen captured second-hand Italian tanks, with no planes (as far as is known) and with arms which make up for quality by a great variety of types and models.

It is clear that this kind of war is about the worst problem for the cut-and-dried "regulation-type" German military mind. The Germans have no real rear, no steady communication lines, no front, no flanks. They are, figuratively speaking, turning their heads constantly in all directions, never knowing from what direction the next blow will come. Such is the state of that possible and prospective theater of Allied operations.

There is little doubt that a few Allied divisions, with General Tito of course, could clear the 80,000-odd square miles of Yugoslavia within a couple of months and then join hands with the Red Army on the Danube. The distance from, say, Dubrovnik on the Adriatic to Guirgiu on the Danube is exactly the same as the distance from Kherson to Guirgiu. It's a fair race.

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HITLER IN HILLBURN

Richard O. Boyer exposes the organized conspiracy, instigated by the Wilhelmstrasse, to turn an American community into a Nazi town. "Gentleman fascist" John B. Snow and his chums.

TO THE casual eye the village of Hillburn in the valley of the Ramapo some thirty miles from New York City might seem a typical American community. From the little pond on the town green dotted with maples and oaks one can see to the west the bleak height of Houvenkopf Mountain. Here Washington stood and from its eminence, watched the British across the Hudson during that initial war fought to prove that "all men are created equal." As one surveys the turbulence of the Ramapo River, looks at the baseball diamond and the stand where the Davidson town band once played every week, it seems an incredible and improbable distance to the *Wilhelmstrasse* and the Nazi Propaganda Ministry in Berlin. As one looks at the ugly cupola and the 1880 grandeur of the old Snow mansion near the town's center, it seems improbable that any town with such a distinctively American monstrosity could harbor a fifth column with direct connections to Hitler.

But the line to the *Wilhelmstrasse* is direct. The connections with Hitler are facts in an absolute sense like the fact that the world is 25,000 miles in circumference. It is possible that the connections might not have been known in their entirety had it not been that Hillburn has been much in the news of late. The news derived from that community's effort to force fifty-seven Negro children to attend a Jim Crow school in defiance of the state law forbidding such discrimination. But for this attempt at discrimination it might not have been generally known that J. Edgar Davidson, president of the Hillburn School Board, and Dair Van Cott, also a member of the school board, are old friends of "gentleman fascist" John B. Snow, whose family has controlled Hillburn for generations. Snow is not only the ideological leader of much of the community but he has long worked toward a similar role in regard to all American industry. Since 1932 he has attacked President Roosevelt as a Communist, actively disseminated Hitler propaganda sponsored by Berlin, and collaborated with retired Maj. Gen. George Van Horn Moseley in what has been described in *Under Cover* as "the first Nazi *putsch* ever attempted in America." Snow, of course, opposed the war, supported the America First Committee, and has been unceasingly active in the spread of race prejudice and the advocacy of an American form of fascism.

HAD it not been for the Hitler-like Jim Crowing of Negro school children, we might never have known how Nazism has transformed a normal, kindly American village into a center of Hitlerism. Negroes and whites who were once easy friends are now bitter enemies. Not long ago a troop train was switched to a siding on the Erie railroad which slants through the town, and before it started again on its journey this message from Berlin was smeared in red on its side: "Hurry Back for the Real War against the Jews." Snow, who formed his own printing company, has flooded not only Rockland County, in which Hillburn is situated, and adjacent Bergen County in New Jersey with tracts against the Jews but has poured Nazi literature over the whole country for the past ten years, always trying to direct it into the hands of big shots. His associates include almost every known fascist in the United States, as well as H. W. Prentiss, Jr., former chairman of the board of the National Association of Manufacturers, and Merwin K. Hart, Franco supporter whose activities have been partly financed by James H. Rand, Jr., president of Remington Rand, and Lammot du Pont, president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.

SNOW'S home near Hillburn has, since Roosevelt's election, been a center for many of the wealthy who are attracted to the Ramapo Mountains by the beauty of the setting and its nearness to New York City. Some of the richest people in America live there and some of the richest people in America have frequently imbibed Snow's wisdom. In less dangerous times his coterie would be labeled a lunatic fringe which had nothing but money to recommend it. Snow has harped continually, and with startling success, on the legend that Roosevelt was a Communist, that the Jews were responsible for him and later for the present war, and that a Communist uprising was an imminent possibility. A shooting club, formed of some twenty-five millionaires in the vicinity, was actually organized, and held target practice under the title of Minutemen. Snow became an official of the USO and when the Committee for Democratic Action complained that he was unfit to be trusted with military secrets which he might learn in such a position, the FBI investigated him and he resigned. But he had indoctrinated his followers with such success that even today they claim Snow is misunderstood.

NOT long ago his friend, Van Allen Clark, head of the California Perfume Co. in adjacent Suffern, said as he has been heard to say on many other occasions: "John Snow is a great man and my friend. Years ago, even before Merwin K. Hart, he saw that the Jews and the Communists and Roosevelt were plotting revolution. I know from my own knowledge that he has printed thousands of pamphlets and distributed them around here showing us the danger of the Jews, the New Deal, and the Communists. There's no question but that Snow and Davidson, the head of the school board, have known each other for years.

"It's a shame what they have done to John. Why he's had to leave here and go to one of his southern homes, the one at Sea Island, off the coast of Georgia." (Snow is really at his Beaufort, South Carolina, home with two friends, Gerard Henderson and Sally Meyer.) "It's a shame the way the FBI has hounded him. We have to be ready. We are in real danger from the Jews, the Communists, and those Poles, too. I sometimes feel that the revolution might break out right on my own property. My house is the finest in the neighborhood and the Communists and Negroes are bound to strike there first. We've got to be ready. Snow has told all this to every prominent businessman in the country and I think he deserves credit. I tell you, the situation is dangerous and the Jews and Roosevelt are behind it all. Look at the way they sold out to Stalin at the Moscow conference. I tell you we're fighting this war for the Communists!"

John B. Snow lived at 45 Park Avenue and did not object to being called a "gentleman fascist." As director of the League for Constitutional Government, he deserved the major share of the "credit" for propagating the myth that the Administration was "Communist." Snow was familiar with *The Christian Defender* and my own "patriotic" background. Once, as we chatted pleasantly in his office about Joe McWilliams, Snow reached over and handed me a book which *World Service* had recommended for reading—*Fools Gold* by Fred R. Marvin.

"Gentleman fascist" Snow of Hillburn as he appears in John Roy Carlson's "Under Cover."

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This is typical talk in Hillburn and in neighboring Suffern as well as in Mahwah, New Jersey, across the state line. It stems from Snow. One of Snow's first intimate connections was the Italian fascist Count Prochet. He was a minor character, but he married a relative of Snow's and he lived in Suffern. According to the people of Hillburn, he impressed Snow, who is forty-three, a graduate of Yale and a stock broker, and as early as 1928 Snow was admiring Mussolini. The first open Nazi propaganda to be circulated in this country under formal Nazi imprint appeared in 1934 and it was put out under the open auspices of Hitler's "General League of German Anti-Communist Associations, Europa House, Berlin." Its title page bore the names of fourteen prominent Americans who recommended it to the American public.

Among those who foisted this Nazi propaganda on the American people were Cong. Hamilton Fish and two of Snow's very close collaborators: John B. Trevor, of the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies, a group of American fascist organizations; and Walter S. Steele, editor of the fascist *National Republic*.

EVEN more conclusive is the fact that Snow admitted sending out pamphlets by the thousands recommended by *World Service*, Nazi propaganda sheet, published in a dozen languages under Lieut. Col. Ulrich Fleischauer. Snow flooded the country with copies of *The Socialist Network* by the British fascist, Mrs. Nesta Webster, and *Fools Gold* by Fred R. Marvin, American "patriot," both strongly recommended by the Nazi agency. And to indicate the continuity and persistence of Snow's efforts it is only necessary to state that as late as 1940 he was receiving propaganda for distribution from the Nazi agent George Sylvester Viereck through Congressman Fish's office. Fish's convicted secretary, **George Hill, mailed it to Snow, Mrs. Beatrice Knowles, the America First Committee, Women United, Ralph Townsend, and the American Coalition, run by Snow's associate Trevor.**

Snow also distributed the forged anti-Semitic *Protocols of Zion*, as well as pamphlets by the indicted Japanese agent, Ralph Townsend. He also distributed *Is Your Town Red?* by Merwin K. Hart and *Wolves in Sheep's Clothing* by Coughlinite George E. Sullivan. Moreover, he constantly declared that the war was inspired by the Jews. He addressed the New York Board of Trade on the anti-Roosevelt theme in 1935 and later testified against Mr. Justice Frankfurter, appearing before the Senate and arguing that it should not approve the President's nomination of Mr. Frankfurter to the Supreme Court because the latter was a Jew and a Communist.

John Roy Carlson, in his excellent *Under Cover*, reports that Snow, who then had an apartment at 45 Park Avenue, did not object to being called "a gentleman fascist." Snow's name runs like a refrain throughout the entire book. While his main mission, as he conceived it, was to impart fascist ideas and actions to the most select industrialists of America, he associated, too, with a lot of the small fry. The indicted **Mrs. Dilling mentions him** frequently as does the convicted William Dudley Pelley, and Carl Mote, president of the Northern Indiana Telephone Co., who wrote for Pelley's publication. Snow is mentioned in connection with Charles B. Hudson, George Edward Sullivan, America First, No Foreign War Committee, James B. McKnight, who advocated an armed uprising, David (Hitler) Richton, Charles W. Phillips and a good many others.

CARLSON writes: "Personally, I regarded Snow as one of the most calculating fascist minds in America serving the interests of the old guard, reactionary business men. His closest collaborators were Joseph P. Kamp, Merwin K. Hart, Catherine Curtis, Walter S. Steele . . . and John B. Trevor of the super-super 'patriotic' American Coalition. All served the same masters and all shared in Snow's views. Snow championed Charles Lindbergh and promoted the No Foreign War and America First Committees. A relentless baiter of the administration, Snow's hand was visible in every move initiated among the Park Avenue circles to discredit the New Deal and foment obstructionism and dissent."

My chief interest in this situation and in this story is twofold. Conscious of the growing stream of anti-Semitism and anti-Rooseveltism that increases as 1944 nears—conscious, too, of the violence of Detroit, Boston, Beaumont, Los Angeles—I wanted to know whether casual investigation into Hillburn would lead, directly or indirectly, to Hitler. If it did, it seemed logical to me that it would also lead to Hitler in larger and more important cases. My second chief interest was curiosity as to what Hitlerism would do to a typical American town. Let's take up the second.

Hillburn has its roots deep in the American past. Rockland County in New York and Bergen County in New Jersey were the scene of bitter fighting in the Revolutionary War. According to legend, much of Hillburn's native population, at least those who still live in the mountains, are descended from three Hessian soldiers who deserted from the British and settled with the Indians. They are the Jackson Whites, a remarkably gifted people and a remarkably long-suffering one. What is now Hillburn was mostly farming country, supplying New York with produce down the Hudson River, until after the Civil War when William Snow, grandfather of John B. Snow, settled in Hillburn, which now has a population of about 1,200, and founded the iron works which still dominate the town. The concern is now known as

To supplement Mrs. Webster's efforts Snow sold *The High Cost of Hate* by Japanese agent, Ralph Townsend; *Is Your Town Red?* by Franco worker, Merwin K. Hart; *Wolves in Sheep's Clothing* by Coughlinite George E. Sullivan of Washington. These books among many others were the items of diet with which Snow nourished his Park Avenue clientele. As an adjunct to the League, Snow founded Madison & Marshall, Inc. to specialize in the distribution of super-patriotic books, ranging from Mrs. Dilling's $1 books to Nesta H. Webster's $7.50 volumes. Under the pretense of exposing "un-American activities" John B. Snow served as clearing house for fascist literature molded to Park Avenue taste.

He copied Mrs. Dilling by splitting hairs between "Democracy" and "Republic" and decided that Democracy was a "mobocracy." Therefore, Snow's perverted reasoning ran, Democracy was "Communist" and gave rise to "chaos and anarchy." Thus he planted the seeds of doubt and disrespect for Democracy among America's prototypes of the Cliveden set through a brochure, *Democracy, a Misnomer* which left the way open for the acceptance of Snow's fascistic beliefs.

One of his warmest friends who maintained a personal interest in the League for Constitutional Government was H. W. Prentis, Jr., chairman of the Board of the National Association of Manufacturers, and Snow's stanch purveyor of misinformation. Prentis denounced the direct election of Sen-

From the chapter "Park Avenue 'Patriots,'" page 195 of "Under Cover."

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the Ramapo-Ajax Co. and manufactures brake shoes; William Snow is said to be the inventor of the brake shoe.

Almost from its founding Hillburn was a company town. For generations a union was unthinkable. The Snows acquired thousands of acres in Rockland and Bergen Counties and they were a power, as they still are, in Republican politics. They looked upon huge sections of the Ramapo mountains as their own feudal estate and upon the Jackson Whites as their retainers. The father of the present Edgar Davidson, head of the school board, was an office boy for William Snow and was hard enough and shrewd enough to rise in the company until he was an officer. His son, now engaged in opposing the fight against Jim Crow, is vice president of the company. Both the Snows and the Davidsons fancied themselves as doers of good. They often buried people who died, and if someone was sick they might send him a chicken. They would do almost anything but permit people a say in their own lives, and this tradition of the Snows and Davidsons explains part of the present anger against the Negroes who have the audacity to ask that the state law forbidding discrimination in schools be obeyed.

Nora Snow, daughter of the old man, died last year, well on in her eighties. For years, it is said, she ran the county and the village. John B. Snow, our present hero, was born in 1900. Until four or five years ago the village, while no heaven, was a rather pleasant place. The Negroes were liked, and they fished and worked and talked with the rest of the town with little sense of discrimination. There was an Italian section of the town, a Polish section, and an Irish neighborhood, too, but almost everyone was poor save the Snows and the Davidsons and that gave everyone a community of interest.

THEN Snow began distributing his propaganda and making his talks to the rich people who increasingly settled in the beautiful countryside. The Rotary Club began to hear anti-Semitic discourses. Adam Marino, the son of old Walter Marino, owner of a candy store, began to make weighty pronouncements about Jews and Negroes. The Negroes now look upon him as the active leader of the whites in the fight against their effort to abolish Jim Crow in the school. Adam was once a very fine butcher and he undoubtedly still is, but he has less time to give to it. Ike Roe, who, townsfolk say, was active in the Ku Klux Klan in the 1920's, began taking a firm stand. Anthony Cucculo, once just a hard working Italian, organized the Rockland Voluntary Aid Society and punctuated its good works with diatribes against Jews, Negroes, and Communists. A lot of nice, ordinary good people suddenly began to talk and act like fascists.

The Negro people of Hillburn soon got their fill of it. When the school year opened last fall they asked that the ninety Negro children in Hillburn be allowed to go to the main school which heretofore had allowed only thirty-three Negro children to attend, although the state law provided that all should be allowed in one school. And there was plenty of space for all. When they were turned down by Mr. Snow's friend Mr. Davidson, as head of the school board, the parents took all ninety children out on strike and refused to send them to any school until they could leave the ramshackle, crowded, inadequate structure into which they were forced in violation of the law. On October 11, after much good work by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties, the State Commissioner of Education ordered that the Negro school be abandoned and that the Negro children be admitted to the main school in accordance with the law.

BUT when the Negro children came to the main school, the parents of the white children suddenly appeared and took them away, placing them in private schools. They spoke ominously of the danger of their children catching disease from the Negro children although their children had for years associated with them, and thirty-three Negro children had previously been their schoolmates. Adam Marino got quite a shock when he took his children to the Academy of the Holy Child in Suffern. The priest in charge declared that he would not take the Marino children since their parents objected to Negro pupils. For, the priest said, he was planning to have Negro pupils. (There are good Americans still in Hillburn but many are confused and afraid.)

But many of the seventy white children enrolled in a private school. The tuition for these children is said to total $1,200. The school, with less facilities after tuition than the public school gives without payment, is run by one Reverend Jones in the rambling

Pattern of Racism

RICHARD O. BOYER'S article for the first time presents evidence that the attempt to Jim Crow Negro school children in Hillburn, N. Y., has been instigated, planned, and directed by American fascists who have had—and may still have—direct connections with the Nazis. We consider Mr. Boyer's revelations, which he is prepared to support with sworn affidavits, of national importance. For as he points out, if this is the pattern of the Hillburn episode, there is every reason to believe that the more violent manifestations of race hate in Detroit, Boston, Beaumont, Mobile, Los Angeles, and other cities have followed a similar pattern. It seems to us that an immediate investigation of the Hillburn situation by Governor Dewey and by the Department of Justice is called for.

One of the most prevalent and most dangerous illusions concerning anti-Negro and anti-Semitic outbreaks is that these are mere spontaneous expressions of deep-seated race prejudice for which the remedies lie in improved social conditions and in education. No one will deny that if a considerable number of Americans had not in their early years been infected with unreasoning prejudice, the hate riots and similar anti-American phenomena would be impossible. But who has put the match to this tinder? Who has fanned dormant prejudice into active violence, or planted hate where before it did not exist? Who has turned average law-abiding Americans into lawless dupes of Hitler's conspiracy against America?

In Hillburn Mr. Boyer points the finger at John B. Snow, millionaire and "gentleman fascist." In Detroit the finger points to the Ku Klux Klan, to Gerald L. K. Smith, of the National Workers League, to nameless others whom only a thorough-going federal investigation can uncover.

To turn a blind eye to the fifth-column implications of these shameful events is to betray either child-like naivete, cynical indifference, or cowardly fear of following the truth to wherever it may lead. We don't know into which of these categories Attorney General Biddle fits, but his speech the other day at the annual dinner of the Jewish Theological Seminary confirms our convictions that Biddle's gingerly, "sociological" approach to fifth-columnism is a menace to the war effort of the United States. Just as President Roosevelt courageously overruled Controller General Lindsay C. Warren and declared that all government contracts must include a ban on racial discrimination, so it is time he compelled Biddle to act against the perpetrators of the outrages in Hillburn, Detroit, Boston, and other communities.

Specifically on Hillburn, we urge our readers to write Governor Dewey and Attorney General Biddle and request an immediate investigation of the not so mysterious activities of John B. Snow.

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frame house that once was the Snow mansion near the center of town. It was recently sold by the Snow estate to the school. Thus we have the picture of Mr. Snow's friend Mr. Davidson advancing the interests of a private school against the interest of the free public school system he has sworn to uphold, rather than obey the intent of the law of the state providing for non-segregation. But whether Mr. Davidson knows it or not, this attitude doesn't come from him. He possibly may think he is acting from the highest motives. But his actions aid only Hitler.

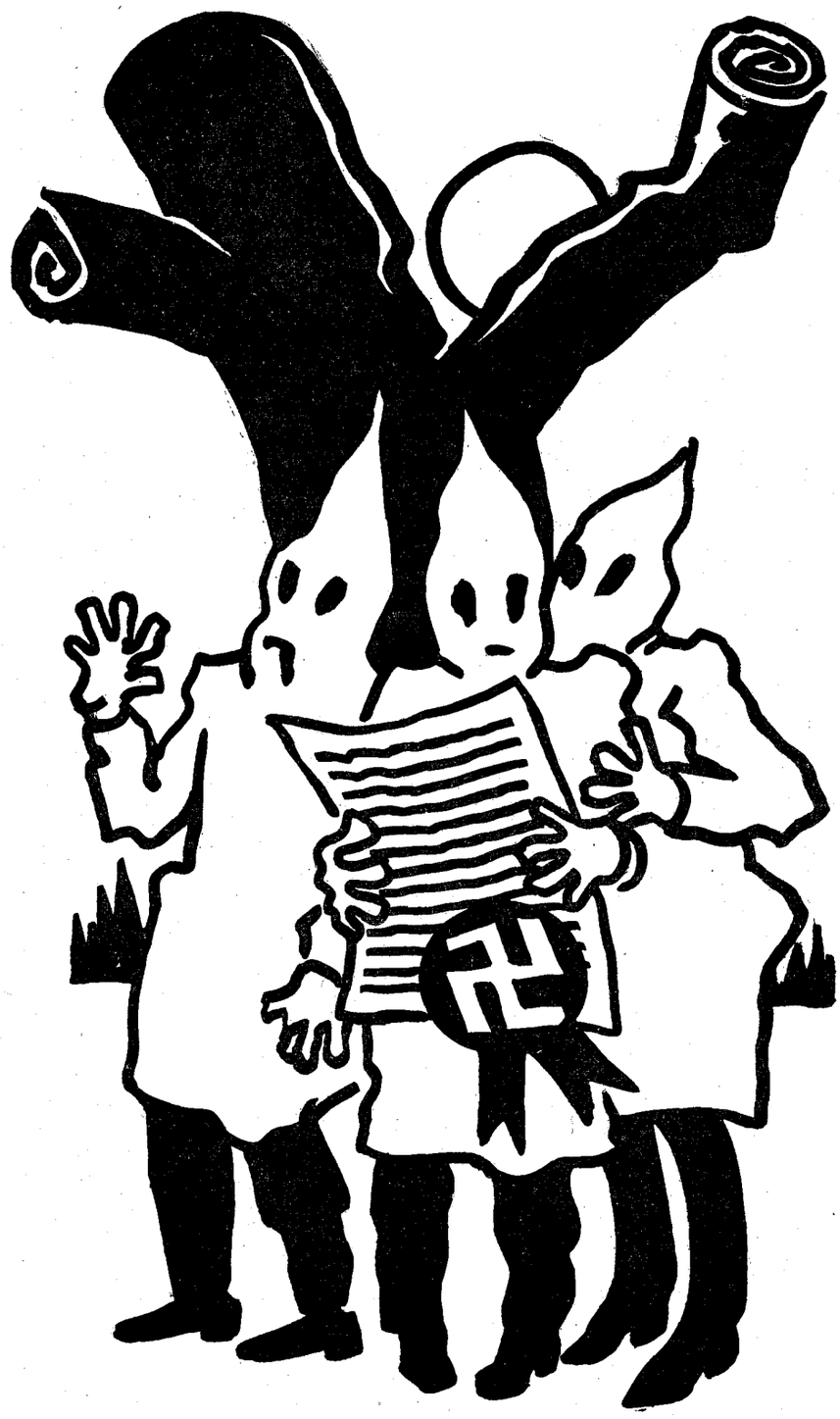
AND what of the children involved? What do they think of the Nazi race prejudice of their parents? Miss Alice P. Barrows, Director of Activities of the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties, gave the best answer to that. (By a coincidence Miss Barrows as senior specialist in school building problems of the United States Office of Education had recommended eight years ago that the Brook School, the Negro school in Hillburn, be abandoned as part of larger recommendations concerning the public school system of Rockland County.) In addressing the Rockland County Citizens' Committee, Miss Barrows said:

"I maintain that it does not seem reasonable or logical that intelligent parents would take such action," (that of removing the white children from the public school) "unless provoked to it in some way. I do not know how it was done, but I do know that this is a pattern repeated all over the country whenever elements who are against this war wish to create dissension and division among us. Usually those who create such a situation keep well in the background. They do not hold official positions and they do not speak in public, but they are doing Hitler's work and we are criminally naive if we do not recognize it.

"Also, I think we adults have not considered sufficiently the effect of this whole situation on the children over whom we fight. I saw some of these white children sitting in the glass enclosed porch of the Reverend Jones' School for Boys. They looked puzzled and bewildered and unhappy. Children are taught not by text books but by experience. These children have been taught in their classrooms that this is a democratic country, that all men are born free and equal. But this week they received an actual experience which they will never forget and it was not consistent with what they are taught in the classroom. Many of the fathers of these children are fighting in the armed forces or perhaps are in the war plants. The fathers of the Negro children are fighting in the armed forces or are on the production line. Doubtless some of them have the Atlantic Charter tacked up in their houses. It is no wonder these children look puzzled and a little afraid. If segregation continues at Hillburn this same thing may happen in other parts of Rockland County and in New York State."

And now for my last and most important point. It seems to me I have proved that Hillburn's assault against the Negro people is a planned assault. The spirit of Hillburn is the spirit of John B. Snow, gentleman fascist, distributor of Nazi literature, recommended by a Nazi organization. An American town, if only to a degree, has become a Nazi town. If native Nazis are behind race prejudice in Hillburn, one can be sure they are behind race violence in Detroit, Boston, Beaumont, Chicago, New York, and Los Angeles. We must know that it is an unfailing rule that anti-Semitism is fascism, that anti-Negro activity is pro-Hitler activity. We must realize that it is criminal to tamper with our country's safety by pretending that race riots are accidental, that anti-Semitic drives are inevitable. Both are planned by native Nazis consciously working against the war, against President Roosevelt, and against the independence of our democratic country.

RICHARD O. BOYER.



"Dear Fuehrer: During the past week we have desecrated twelve more graves, terrorized ten children, held a dinner in honor of Father Coughlin . . ."

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THE CIO'S WAR CONVENTION

There was unity and harmony, and the drama of the world fight against Hitlerism. America's biggest unions in conclave. New political leadership. . . . Bruce Minton reports the meeting.

Philadelphia.

THE impact of the CIO convention is attested to by the speedy attention given the main economic demand made at Philadelphia—the revision of the Little Steel wage formula. What struck an observer at the CIO gathering was the sense of immediacy in every decision; the resolutions adopted were not "for the record" alone, as so often is the case, but rather an expression of firm intention to take action without delay. This was as true of almost every policy endorsed at Philadelphia as it was for the wage resolution. The convention was no formal get-together required by the CIO's constitution; it was very much down to earth, an extremely serious conference on the problems confronting labor.

The war dominated the deliberations, even to the point of diminishing the usual "color" of a labor gathering. The ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel was festive enough to look at, with the platform bedecked with the American flag and flanked by large colored photographs of President Roosevelt and Philip Murray. The flags of the United Nations floated down from the balcony but with the decorations most of the gaiety ended. The delegates, close to five hundred of them, sat facing each other at the long tables that stretched the length of the hall. The representatives of four of the big six unions (those granted the maximum of ten delegates) sat down in front close to the rostrum—steel, auto, textile, clothing. The United Electrical delegates settled farther back in the hall, and the shipyard workers were across the room. The delegates worked almost without interruption. True, they relaxed at the banquet on Wednesday night and saw a prevue of excerpts from the CIO show *Marching with Johnny*, which comes to Broadway in December. And when Philip Murray was nominated, they took twenty minutes off to demonstrate, circling the hall and cheering and throwing torn-up newspapers into the air. But for the rest, they worked in the hall or in committee. In five days they did a staggering amount of work.

THE convention's condemnation of the throttling Little Steel formula has received most attention in the press. It may well be, however, that the basis for the CIO's campaign will be overlooked. First of all, the convention reiterated in the strongest possible terms its no-strike pledge, which became the premise of all subsequent discussions. In his analysis of the wage resolution, President Murray, whose intelligent guidance of the CIO was equal to the immense problems facing the labor movement (the highest compliment that can be paid to Mr. Murray's vision and leadership) pointed out: "The present national wage policy of the American government is definitely impairing the efficiency of the American workers, and it continues to do so. The remedy has to be found to correct the abuses that have grown out of this situation. . . . There is no desire on the part of the CIO or any one of its millions of members to derive any kind of special privilege out of this situation in which our country now finds itself. All that they want is enough food to provide the necessary nutrition to keep them going, enough clothing, enough medicine, enough medical care, and a little home to protect and shelter both them and their families. There is nothing in that sort of a program which contemplates extortion or prosecutes selfish interests."

In other words, as in every CIO decision, the war provided the yardstick against which all action was measured. The Little Steel formula was tolerated by organized labor so long as even a remote hope existed that the substance of President Roosevelt's seven-point program of economic stabilization could be realized. But price control has not been enforced and the economy has not been stabilized. Labor waited patiently for the subsidy program to go into effect and for price rollbacks to get moving. But Congress consistently sabotaged stabilization, and for their part, neither James Byrnes, head of the Office of War Mobilization, nor Fred Vinson, in charge of the Office of Economic Stabilization, took action. Wages alone remained fixed—without relation to the rest of the economic structure which had been the original premise.

What the CIO now asks is wage readjustment in line with the higher cost of living. But it insists with renewed emphasis on stabilization being effected at new levels. The CIO repudiates John L. Lewis' defeatism. While pointing out that wage rises cannot rightly be considered inflationary, the unions also make clear that wage increases are meaningless unless accompanied by controls over the rest of the economy. The wage resolution in no way changes the CIO's former insistence on real price control, real rationing, subsidies, a decent tax program. The CIO welcomes no race between prices and wages—a race which labor and the country will inevitably lose. It wants, and is resolved to get, stabilization.

To underline this policy, the convention discussed and passed resolutions on taxes, price control, and other economic measures. It repudiated Lewis while strongly supporting both the miners and the railroad workers in their just demands for wage increases commensurate with the higher cost of living. On the economic front, the CIO expressed its complete understanding of the needs of the war.

BUT it was on the political front that the CIO made its most telling contribution. Historically, the American labor movement has always suffered from the frustrating premise of Gompersism, the illusion of pure-and-simple unionism which turned a deaf ear to every proposal for labor's independent political action. For some time, the CIO has challenged this false premise, but at Philadelphia it laid Gompersism to rest once and for all. Never before has a convention of American labor been so dominated by the realization of the trade unions' obligation to assume political leadership. It it misleading, in fact, to discuss separately the CIO's "economic" and "political" decisions; the convention linked the two, and it is only a convenience not truly reflecting the CIO's unified conception, to discuss the economic phase of the proceedings separately from the political.

The high point of the convention came when Sidney Hillman, chairman of the Committee for Political Action, presented his superb report outlining labor's stake in the political life of the nation. As one delegate remarked: "Hillman has been saving his voice for a month for this speech and damned if it wasn't worth it." Hillman held the convention tense for an hour as he elaborated the CIO's determination to bring leadership to the common man on the political front. What the CIO contemplates is not an isolated campaign, but as Hillman explained, "It is the policy and determination of our committee and our movement to make this organization of labor's political power permanent—place it on a permanent basis and not merely for 1944." To do this, the first requisite is to devote every energy to winning the war. But the war makes it imperative that 1944 become "a year of decision for the common man here and everywhere." Political action, Hillman stressed, is not conceived as the CIO's exclusive property; nor will his committee be satisfied if it wins the collaboration of both the AFL and the Railroad Brotherhoods. Political organization must be conducted in such a way as to draw in "the common people, the great overwhelming majority of our people who must be organized for a decent, constructive and lasting peace, and for a home and an international economic program which will

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give us security here and everywhere."

While supporting the Commander-in-Chief for the fullest prosecution of the war, the CIO "will make our commitment for 1944 in 1944," a position reaffirmed by Philip Murray. At this time, Hillman declared, the formation of a third party would clearly be disastrous. Labor's immediate stake is to win a people's peace—and the way to assure such a peace is for labor to take leadership and immediately organize to win a progressive victory at the polls in 1944. "Personally," said Philip Murray, "I don't like Washington as it is today." The time has come, he added, for "your great mighty CIO organization to conduct another great crusade to free America, to free this country of yours and mine from the shackles of tyranny and bondage which may befall us if we fail in our effort to bring the people together in 1944."

The measure of the CIO's political determination is to be found in the $700,000 already contributed by the leading unions to Hillman's Committee for Political Action. "Let us not fool ourselves, there is a tremendous and stupendous task facing us," Hillman warned. "We have to reverse the trend" of 1942 and the setbacks of 1943.

Political thinking did not rest with plans to organize labor and the people for the elections. The CIO went on to discuss specifically a number of other pressing questions. The resolution on international trade union unity, combined with an awareness of the American labor movement's responsibility to give aid and leadership to brother workers in Latin America, bespoke an end to the narrow isolationism plaguing labor in the past. The convention scathingly repudiated the AFL Executive Council's limitation of "international unity" to an agreement between itself and Sir Walter Citrine of the British Trade Union Congress. The AFL excluded the CIO, the Railroad Brotherhoods, the unions of China, the USSR and most other genuine workers' groups throughout the world. The CIO for its part affirmed its intention to build unity without ifs and buts. It set the date for an organizational meeting in London next spring. It saw in the decisions of the Moscow conference, encouragement for the international labor unity it seeks to cement.

In one way, the most impressive demonstration of the CIO's maturity was the discussion on anti-Semitism and discrimination. Too often in the past, labor has paid lip-service to equality and let things go at that. But there was nothing perfunctory about the Philadelphia resolutions, or the debate that preceded their passage. Morris Muster of the Furniture Workers spoke movingly on the meaning of anti-Semitism; and a Negro delegate arose to explain the connection between anti-Semitism and the persecution of his people. Symbolic of the CIO's—and President Murray's—stern stand against discrimination in any form was the action taken by the National Maritime Union: Frederick Myers, vice-president of the National Maritime Union, relinquished his seat on the CIO executive board in favor of the NMU's secretary-treasurer, Ferdinand Smith, distinguished Negro leader. The CIO's deliberations were in marked contrast to the arrogance exhibited toward minorities and particularly toward the Negro people by the recent AFL convention.

No discussion in this brief space does justice to the CIO's unity, its maturity, its purposefulness, its high patriotism. Criticism here, without far more emphasis on the convention's achievements, would result in a distorted picture. The understanding expressed by the delegates of the war and its meaning to labor and to the people was indeed profound. At times, however, discussion of policy on the floor did not completely reflect the implications of the resolutions; several delegates privately questioned whether the convention understood the full meaning of some resolutions it passed. But usually what was lacking in discussion of one issue was made up in another discussion later on. I was disappointed that more women were not present as delegates, and that the problem of recruiting women workers into the unions was not discussed at all. There were also few Negro delegates—yet it is real progress that Negroes occupy positions of leadership in the maritime, packinghouse, shipbuilding, and fur unions.

The very unity of the convention made for a lack of dramatic incident. The drama was not to be found in any one speech or any day's proceedings; it was contained in the convention as a whole, in its deep meaning and promise. Individuals did not stand out prominently, with the exception of the CIO's remarkable leader, Philip Murray, and Sidney Hillman, head of the Political Action Committee. The convention had its own personality; figures like R. J. Thomas, Albert Fitzgerald, Joseph Curran, Reid Robinson, Harry Bridges, Jacob Potofsky and all the others contributed to the total effectiveness of the convention rather than emerging as prima donnas—which is the meaning of genuine unity. Perhaps it should be mentioned, mostly because the AFL convention is so shortly past and the British trade unions have so recently met, that not even a suspicion of Red-baiting was heard at Philadelphia. There were Red-baiters present (judging by former performances of certain delegates) but no one dared breathe a divisive word.

The CIO has grown in numbers—5,285,000 members, Philip Murray told the convention—and in stature. It exhibits tremendous vitality—and the energy that goes with growth and progress. The Auto Workers are the largest single union in the world, 1,110,000 in membership. The United Electrical Workers raised their membership by approximately 150,000 in the past year, though the delegates pretended to depreciate this feat since they intend to do far better in the future. The Steel Workers have organized almost one hundred percent of the industry, bringing in about 185,000 new workers in the last year. But almost every union shows growth, and almost every union has a growing pride in itself and in its contribution to the CIO. The delegates now have the responsibility to take back to the rank and file of the unions the results of the deliberations, translating the decisions into deeds. The task is by no means easy. But judging by the spirit and the determination shown at Philadelphia, there is every reason to believe that the CIO can give solid content to its proud program.

Bruce Minton.

Mrs. Eleanor Fowler and Mrs. Faye Stevenson present President Philip Murray with a plaque from the Women's Auxiliary of the CIO at the annual convention.

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KNOW THY READER

IT IS a wise editor who knows his own reader.

Back east of the Hudson after a transcontinental journey which afforded me an opportunity to talk to some five thousand NEW MASSES partisans, I can attempt an estimate.

To begin with, there is no average NEW MASSES reader. He may be twenty-five, farm-bred, and an authority on Joseph Conrad like the Indiana college instructor who traveled a hundred miles to my Indianapolis meeting. Or, like the bustling, little gray-haired woman in Los Angeles who brought eleven neighbors to the meeting hall, she may be sixty, European-born, and an authority on hemstitching. Or like the chairman of the San Francisco meeting, he may be an erudite cosmopolitan of fifty whose ancestors followed Sutter in search of the glittering metal in the mill stream. In Los Angeles the NEW MASSES reader who sent up a five-dollar bill came in a shipyard helmet and left before the meeting's close in order to make the swing-shift.

In brief, he is America. And I warn you: don't address him as "Gentle Reader." He isn't. The gray-haired woman of Los Angeles, the Indiana college teacher, the San Francisco cosmopolite, and the California welder have this in common: they will stand up and fight to a man if they sense a fascist in the place. They have this in common: they fight. And they have developed a sixth sense—they detect a fascist a mile off. Or three thousand miles off. That's your NEW MASSES reader.

I WAS infinitely grateful for my opportunity to see them face to face. Hitherto I knew them by mail: now I know many by name. They are the salt of the earth. I want to thank them for their warm hospitality, for the tribute they paid their magazine at the score of meetings they organized so ably. This I learned: they feel, as we have so often said, that they are co-editors of the magazine. It is *theirs*. Theirs in a way no other weekly in America can match. The way they would press forward after each meeting to have their say! The young Negro woman who read her poetry at my Chicago meeting: "Why don't we publish more articles about my people?" The pride with which she told me of the fine course in Negro history taught in the Chicago grade schools. "We are not without progress these days," she said. She spoke of the first Negro conductor hired on that metropolis' street cars several weeks ago. "How proud my mother was," she said, "sitting on the trolley car, looking at him, a Negro conductor." And this: the seaman in San Francisco saying: "Why don't you write this up? We come in from the Pacific, then go out to help the farmer gather his crop. The women of the Auxiliary suggested it. Seems this farm character used to hate labor, but when we saved his crop from rotting, he stood there with tears in his eyes looking at us. Tell that to Westbrook Pegler," he said. And this: the Mexican-born father, now a naturalized citizen, saying to me in southern California: "My son was given life in prison. Why? He wore zoot-suit, his hair-cut was different, his face dark. He is good boy. Good in school, always his mother was after him to stop spoiling his eyes in lamplight. Helped me on ranch. Now they put him away for life. Can your paper free him?" And this: the young mother in Los Angeles: "We need ways to take care of our babies so we can go into war industry. Public Nurseries, that we need. Can't NM campaign for that?" And so it went, all over America. The people pressing forward: here, write about our fight. Fight with us. Help us in our fight.

OUR talks, after the meetings, ran along these lines: "Yes, this is your magazine. What do you want to do with it? What do you like about it? What do you want changed?

They picked up the gauntlet. What they want is this: *the fact, its description, and its analysis*. And proposals for a course of *action*. They seek truth (not abstractly) for they want *deeds* based upon these truths. Remember they are first and foremost fighting people.

They reflected the nation's general skepticism of the fact and program offered by the commercial press. NM has their confidence. They want our editorial; they want our report. They want more of everything—particularly from the grass roots of America.

Does the magazine suit you? I asked. In great measure, they replied, it does. How about the writing in the magazine? Is it heavy? Freighted with overwriting? I asked. Most did not think so; some did. Of course, the writing can be bettered. It can be freshened up, streamlined. Some ventured that closer regular ties with people around the country would help. These felt too much writing seemed to be done "in the office." More from the field, they suggested. Particularly the kind of stuff John L. Spivak did. They wanted more down-to-earth reports on their home bailiwicks: how America lives, thinks, fights, and advances.

I cross-examined them on the things in the magazine they liked best. "Spotlight"—our examination of the week's headlines—got honorable mention. I heard accolades everywhere for A. B. Magil's pieces, particularly his recent one. "What About Roosevelt?" High praise for our international coverage and John Stuart's editorials on the foreign scene; Colonel T. was their latter-day Clausewitz; Minton afforded them a fine vantage point on the capital. They could take Browder every week; they wanted more of Palme Dutt, of Cockburn from London. Ehrenburg and Sholokhov ranked at the top; they wanted similar stuff from America. Richard Boyer was aces high. They swore by Samuel Sillen's reviews—and Bill Gropper was Daumier to them. In fact all our regular contributors were their stand-bys. "What about Ruth McKenney?" I heard, "Why isn't she appearing more often?" They feel close to our staff and our contributors; we are part of the family. And they ask about them as you would about a brother or sister. (Forgive me if you detect a note of pride; I *am* proud, enormously so, and yet humble at the great sense of responsibility this affection demands.)

TO SUM up: our co-editors love the magazine. And like us, their trustees in the office, they know it can be improved. They want what they are getting, but more of it and better. Particularly more reporting and more consideration of the cultural front.

On their part they pledged to get the magazine to their communities, and I believe they will. They feel they are among the molders of their age, and they mean to do a better job than their predecessors. And they believe the magazine will help them.

Indeed yes, it is a wise editor who knows his reader. For this I learned: the wise reader—and he is legion—knows *his* magazine.

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THOSE MISSING VOTES

New York's election figures reveal the national drop in urban registration. The meaning for 1944. Workers' and soldiers' votes.

THERE are a lot of post mortems taking place over the defeat of Lieut. Gen. Haskell, Democratic-American Labor candidate for lieutenant governor, in the New York State election. It has been variously attributed to dissatisfaction with the administration's domestic policies, the Aurelio case, knifing by Tammany, and the apathy of organized labor. Some of these factors were influential but what has been entirely overlooked is that the results of the elections were already an irreversible conclusion on October 5 at the close of the last day of registration. On the basis of the published registration figures it should have been apparent that it was about as possible to elect a Democratic lieutenant governor in New York as it was to elect a Republican lieutenant governor in Virginia. Here are the pertinent facts whose significance will be even more apparent in the presidential election next year.

In the federal census of 1910 New York City finally outstripped the rest of the state in growth, for the first time attaining to a majority of the state's population. For a long time this majority was not reflected in votes because the city had a disproportionate number of unnaturalized foreign-born. However, with the passage of the restrictive immigration laws of 1921 and the gradual naturalization of the New York's foreign born population, the city's registration and voting statistics rose closer and closer to the demographic majority achieved in 1910. This trend was an important factor in the unbroken series of Democratic gubernatorial victories which began in 1924 and were only interrupted in 1942 by the election of Thomas Dewey.

In the twenties this trend still needed the reinforcement of the Democratic espousal of anti-prohibition to eke out a majority. By the end of the thirties, when prohibition was a dead issue, the steadily increasing New York City registration was large enough to offset any normal Republican upstate majority. An analysis of comparatively recent elections shows how rapidly the New York City registration curve was mounting before 1941. Thus in the elections of 1932 the New York City registration was 2,338,000 out of a state total of 5,350,000, or about forty-three percent, whereas in the elections of 1940 it rose to 3,388,000 out of a state total of 6,968,000, or about forty-nine percent. Since voting in the city is a far simpler chore than in the dominantly rural upstate, a higher percentage of the registered city voters turn out on election day, thereby further swelling New York City's percentage of the state total. In 1932 New York City polled forty-six percent of the state vote though its registration percentage was only forty-three percent. And in the elections of 1940 New York City finally achieved a majority of the state vote—fifty-one percent. Under normal circumstances this voting majority which New York City achieved in 1940 would not only have been permanent, but was bound to have steadily increased until the city had attained to at least a state vote corresponding to its percentage of the state's population, namely sixty percent.

THE war radically altered this trend in two related ways. First, since the city had relatively little war industry, many workers and their families migrated to war jobs throughout the country. Second, though the figures have never been released by the War Department, it is known that a higher percentage of draftees have been inducted from the city, since the city has a higher proportion of non-essential non-deferable jobs in its industries. As a result, the city's population has dropped from about 7,500,000 of the 1940 federal census to little over 6,600,000, according to applications for Ration Book 4, a fairly reliable index. No such drop has taken place upstate where war-essential agriculture and war-essential industry have combined to keep down both the number of workers (and voters) lost by migration and the number of workers (and voters) lost to the army. This fact registered itself unmistakably in the registration figures of October 5.

There is always a registration drop in off-year elections, but the proportion of city as against upstate registration remains substantially the same. This year the upstate registration dropped from 3,580,000 in 1940 to 2,915,000, whereas the city registration dropped from 3,338,000 to 1,750,000. In other words, the city registration dropped from forty-nine to thirty-seven percent of the total, whereas the upstate registration rose from the narrow margin of fifty-one percent to the overwhelming majority of sixty-three percent. This made a Democratic defeat inevitable. Contrary to the general impression, the election marked no decline in the New Deal percentage of the city vote, but only a decline of the city's percentage of the state total. As a result, though Willkie polled thirty-nine percent of the city vote in 1940 and lost the state, Hanley polled thirty-nine percent in 1943 and won.

In view of the coming national elections these figures and percentages represent a problem for the progressive forces of the country. The loss of a pivotal state like New York would in itself be disastrous, but in some respects the New York trends have a national character and could if unchecked decisively influence the national elections.

First, there is the soldier vote, disproportionately Democratic in New York State and therefore more necessary to the Democrats than to the Republicans for victory. There are good reasons for believing that this phenomenon is national, partly as a result of the policy of agricultural deferment which in practice works out to the benefit of the Republican vote. Agricultural deferment in the Solid South has no influence on the election because the South is bound to go Democratic in any case. But agricultural deferment in the disputed North and West, where the rural vote is largely Republican and the urban vote is largely Democratic, undoubtedly influences the vote.

As for the loss of workers' votes by war job migration, the national problem is somewhat different from the New York State problem, but the results are the same. Because of residence requirements for voting, the net result of shifting workers from city to city and from state to state is a drop in the total workers' vote.

All this emphasizes how important it is that in 1944 the eleven million men in the armed forces, a quarter of the 1940 electorate, should freely participate in the presidential and congressional elections. It would indeed be a mockery of the democratic ideals for which this war is being waged if the men who are fighting for democracy abroad are denied the full opportunity of fighting for it at home. And to plug up the second hole in their chances of victory the progressive forces must organize a nationwide campaign against the obsolete residence requirement laws which disfranchise as many workers throughout the country as the poll tax. This, however, does not mean that the farm vote must be written off as hopelessly Republican. It does mean that more attention must be paid to combating the demagogic propaganda of the "farm bloc" and the National Association of Manufacturers. And the administration should correct those deficiencies in its economic stabilization program which reproduce unnecessary irritations.

SO FAR as New York State is concerned the lessons of the election are that the progressive forces can no longer placidly await a Republican upstate majority in the confidence of overwhelming it with a New York City landslide. If the New Deal forces—the progressive Democrats, the American Labor Party, and the trade unions—want to regain control of the state, they must meet the Republican Party in its own strongholds. They must concentrate their political efforts on the workers of the swollen war boom towns upstate and neutralize Republican strength at the source. In this they were woefully remiss at the last election when both the Democratic Party and the American Labor Party made unusually poor showings upstate.

ALTER BRODY.

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FROM RUTH McKENNEY

November 18, 1943

Dear Reader:

I have spent the evening composing large essays in rhetoric, the purpose of which was to persuade you to assist the present NEW MASSES subscription campaign.

The hour is now late and it strikes me with great force that all the fine talk and all the hallowed phrases may add up to some purple prose but to little sense. Also, I think it is undignified for NEW MASSES to resort to tub-thumping to persuade its friends and subscribers to enlarge the circulation list of this magazine. So I will put the matter plainly.

We are now approaching one of the great hours in history. We can expect that the war in Europe will be won by the democratic coalition some time in 1944; then we will all be living in what we have so often discussed, the postwar world.

I hope I will not seem pompous, or full of anti-climax, when I say that I honestly think NEW MASSES will be a valuable, a useful, and a heartening publication to have on hand as we—forgive me the rhetoric, but this is plain truth—meet our moment of destiny.

I do not pretend that we get out a perfect magazine here on NEW MASSES. There have been times when the editors, in meeting assembled, have announced in sour tones that the current issue wasn't even good. We shall never be able, in the months to come, to publish radiofotos of the peace conference. Indeed, in years past, I admit, if not cheerfully, that we have never achieved nine-color printing, like "Life," or cheesecake and Wendell Willkie like "Look."

On the other hand—I will say bluntly, that in my opinion, NEW MASSES without doubt is and will be America's most important magazine. I hope you will not think that statement made in a moment of rash and hot enthusiasm. On the contrary, I spent hours reading our back files tonight. Do you remember, to take an example at random, that we published the first news anywhere in the English language of Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese Red Army? Do you remember our long, our enduring, and our passionate fight against fascism in the days when all the big, fancy magazines were blowing up the late Mussolini and solemnly stating that Hitler had the trade union problem licked?

And if you had not read NEW MASSES, what would you have known about Spain, about the heartbreaking, immortal stand of the Loyalists in that first war to the death against fascism? Let me remind you. In the "Saturday Evening Post" and "Life" you would have read about Franco, that ripened old democrat, and about the Loyalists, those church burners. For that matter, America is now reading "Under Cover," the story of native fascism. NEW MASSES congratulates the reading public on making this a best seller and reports with pride that we published the first article on such movements in 1934 and have been publishing them ever since.

This listing could continue far into the night. We're not infallible on NEW MASSES. But we are proud to say that NEW MASSES is America's only magazine that sees history consistently, intelligently, honestly, and courageously. In every important crisis of recent history, from John Reed and the Russian revolution, through Spain and the pact and Finland and the present war, we have seen the truth and written it with the best of our ability and without compromise. This record of our past is the promise we make for the future.

But I started out to ask your help in our circulation drive. You read NEW MASSES—I don't have to paint the lily. The hard facts are: the magazine has a circulation drive on for 5,000 new subscriptions. If each reader gets or gives at least one new sub—then we beat the quota several times over.

And Christmas is in the offing. Enclosed is an addressed and stamped envelope. The cartoon on the front is a reproduction of the card that will be sent in red, green, and white to the friend who gets your gift of NEW MASSES for 1944.

I write this letter to you because all NEW MASSES readers have a stake in the magazine. And so I know you will understand why I feel I can ask your help in our circulation drive. It is important, and I am proud to ask your effort for the magazine.

Sincerely yours,

Ruth McKenney

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WHY I BECAME A COMMUNIST—II

From awareness of democratic struggle to participation in its front ranks. The impact of world war against fascism. Doxey A. Wilkerson continues his saga of a Negro educator.

The following is the second and final article in Doxey A. Wilkerson's story of how he came to be a Communist; the first article appeared in last week's NEW MASSES. *On June 19 Mr. Wilkerson, noted Negro educator, resigned his positions as associate professor of education at Howard University and education specialist with the Office of Price Administration to join the Communist Party and become its educational director for Maryland and the District of Columbia. We asked him to tell the readers of* NEW MASSES *why he took this step. Readers who would like to write Mr. Wilkerson about his articles can address him c/o Communist Party of Maryland, 201-03 W. Franklin St., Baltimore 1, Md. —The Editors.*

I SHALL ever cherish the rare academic freedom of Howard University. There I found intellectual stimulation for my developing interest in and study of socialism as an alternative for our exploitative economy. There also began my interest and activities in the labor movement. Together, these two influences led me to the Communist Party.

My study of socialist theory developed out of my interest in the unique pattern of relationships which obtain among the many races and nationalities of the Soviet Union. The reading of several scientific analyses of Soviet society, together with the testimony of acquaintances who had lived in Russia, opened for me a land from which the conflict of races and nationalities has been completely eliminated. I found that the truly unique constitution of the USSR not only "guarantees" to *all* citizens a series of economic, cultural, and political rights without parallel in the constitutions of other nations, but it goes on to state precisely how these rights are "ensured." Moreover, of especial interest to me as a Negro American are the provisions of Article 123:

> Equality of rights of citizens of the USSR, irrespective of their nationality or race, in all spheres of economic, state, cultural, social and political life, is an indefeasible law.
>
> Any direct or indirect restriction of the rights of, or, conversely, any establishment of direct or indirect privileges for, citizens on account of race or nationality, as well as any advocacy of racial or national exclusiveness or hatred and contempt, is punishable by law.

I discovered that this guarantee of racial and national equality is not merely "the law"; it is universal Soviet practice. Why in the Soviet Union alone? Socialist theory supplied the answers. The Soviet Union revealed itself to me as socialism in action.

For five or six years now, I have been convinced that socialism represents the necessary ultimate solution not only for the special problems of the Negro people, but for all other major problems of our society —widespread poverty, cyclical depressions and attendant mass unemployment, violations of civil and political liberties, recurring wars. My interest in socialism was paralleled by increasing interest in the labor movement. The two interests reinforced each other. They also led me to active participation in a wide range of progressive mass organizations.

Throughout my stay at Howard University, I was an active member and officer of the Howard Teachers Union. For several years, I was national vice-president of the American Federation of Teachers, AFL. More recently, while employed by the Office of Price Administration, I was an active member of the United Federal Workers of America—CIO. During this entire period, I have come more and more to study the past and current history of American labor, and also to assist with the programs of a number of local unions in which I did not hold membership. As a result of this varied union experience and study, several convictions came to be pretty well fixed.

IN THE first place, I have long been impressed by the basic similarity in the immediate employment problems of workers in widely varying fields. Striking parallels could be drawn, for example, between the difficulties of sharecroppers on the plantation and of professors in the typical college or university. Public school teachers in New York or Atlanta, tobacco workers in Richmond, laundry and cafeteria workers in the District of Columbia, federal and state employees almost everywhere—all tend to be overworked, underpaid, and subject to more or less oppressive working conditions. White and Negro workers, men and women workers, professional, clerical, skilled and unskilled—practically all are threatened with economic insecurity, and subject to crude or subtle intimidations which make them less than free men.

Second, it became clear to me that the solution of the workers' immediate employment problems, regardless of their fields of endeavor, lies in effective union organization. I have seen traditionally exploited tobacco workers organize and win wages superior to those of teachers in the same community. I have seen white and Negro sharecroppers in Louisiana and southern Missouri join together to make substantial gains toward freedom through the militant tenant-farmers' unions. I have seen teachers made secure in their tenure, hotel and restaurant workers awarded progressive union contracts, and even domestic workers improve their lot—all through the aegis of their unions. Even more frequently, however, I have seen workers of all types held in relative bondage, defeated in their attempts to move forward because they are not organized, or because their organizations are weak and ineffective.

THIRD, I came increasingly to realize that the larger social, economic, and political problems of workers as a class are fundamentally dependent for solution upon the building of a powerful and unified movement of American labor. The industrialists and financiers, the landlords of city and country are organized. And through their dominant economic position and the efficient organization of their class they are able to wield great political influence. It became clear to me that the building of a real democracy in twentieth-century America can come only through powerful organization of the working class.

Fourth, my study and activity in the trade union movement led me to appreciate more fully the relationship between the problems faced by the Negro people and those of the working class as a whole. It became clear to me that there is no separate solution of the Negro question, that the welfare of the Negro people is bound up with that of the entire working class population, and that the key to both is in the building of a strong and democratic labor movement.

Finally, my associations in the trade union and other progressive movements led me to appreciate the role of the Communist Party. Whether I was helping workers to organize, fighting police brutality, lobbying for progressive social legislation, campaigning for equal job opportunities for Negroes, defending teachers from persecution because of their honest convictions—whatever the "cause," I always found Communists among the most constructive, loyal, and energetic sponsors of the movement. Moreover, I came to develop friendships with a number of "known" and "unknown" Party members. Many had academic attainments much superior to my own. Others with less formal education revealed a clarity of political insight, a devotion to principle, and a mastery of organizational forms and procedures that commanded my highest respect. I often

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wished that the status of American civil liberties was such that the masses of people could know their indebtedness to the Communists.

As I came to understand the characteristic role of Communists in various organizations, I also came to observe the tactics of other "leftist" groups—the Socialists, Trotskyites, and related sects. I generally found their dominant preoccupation to be attacking the Communists and the Soviet Union, the net effect of their activities disruptive.

Thus my convictions were being molded in ways that would certainly have led me, at some time, to join the Communist Party and devote my life to the furtherance of its program. The war served to hasten my decision.

FROM the beginning this war has profoundly stirred my emotions, for it was so clearly destined, in one way or another, tremendously to affect the welfare of the common people of our nation and the world. For all believers in socialism as the ultimate goal the immediate issue now became: will the peoples of the world fall victims to the ruthless conquest of global fascism, and thus set back for centuries the onward march of mankind?

Prior to the outbreak of war, in league with thousands of progressives in the United States and other countries, I was an ardent advocate of "collective security" to stop the fascist aggressors. It was so clear that a coalition of the major democratic countries—Great Britain, the United States, France, the Soviet Union, and China—represented the only effective means of preventing the fascist conquest of the world. But the dominant imperialist forces of Britain, France, and America, responding to narrow class motivations and to their hatred of the new socialist state, rejected the Soviet Union's plea for collective security. Instead they gave Munich to the world.

I opposed the involvement of our nation in the war unleashed by the pact of Munich. It was clear that the major belligerants were involved in another unprincipled struggle, the ugly fruit of fascist aggression and anti-democratic appeasement. I was not among those who underestimated the power of either Nazi Germany or the Soviet Union. On purely practical grounds, it was clear that American entry into the war without the USSR as an ally would have been but the prelude to disaster for our own nation. In 1939, when but few would listen, Earl Browder had warned: "Sooner or later, and preferably sooner, the United States and the Soviet Union, bound together by ties of common national interests, must, together with like-minded peoples and governments, banish the forces of destruction from the earth, establish orderly international relations, and secure world peace."

Years later, in the blood and smoke of battle, the alliance he then predicted was born. The iron necessities of survival had triumphed over the fateful policies of Munich. The whole character of the war now underwent a fundamental change.

In late June 1941, just a few days after Germany attacked the Soviet Union, I had occasion to write:

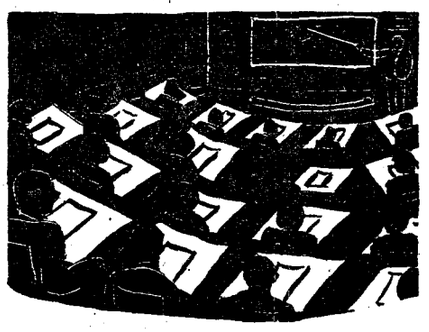
"Anglo - American - Soviet cooperation against this latest fascist thrust (precisely as would have been true of a pre-Munich 'collective security' alignment) tends to alter fundamentally the character of the war and of the prospective peace. It means that the national interests of the British and American peoples are coming to triumph over the imperialist (hence, anti-Soviet) class interests of their governments, thus transforming a conflict of rival imperialisms into a real struggle against fascist aggression.

"The interests of the common people throughout the world require genuine and concerted efforts by their governments fully to exploit this opportunity for a decisive defeat of German fascism. In addition to removing the Hitler menace, this would make for the continuance of socialist reconstruction in the USSR (the progressive influence of which extends far beyond the Soviet borders), and assure an important role for the Soviet Union in shaping a non-imperialist 'people's peace.'

"Therefore, it is now more important than ever for the British and American peoples to counteract the influence of the neo-fascist, imperialist appeasers in their own governments, and to force those governments to adhere to foreign and domestic policies which truly express the democratic interests of the masses of people." ("Russia's Proposed New World Order of Socialism," *Journal of Negro Education*, 10:387-419, July 1941.)

This event was truly a "turning point in the world," and mine was but one of the millions of lives it fundamentally altered.

SINCE the summer of 1941, and especially since the United States formally entered the war, my paramount interest has been the promotion of victory. It was evident that all hope of building a free nation and a free world depended utterly upon defeat of the Axis and the complete destruction of fascism. Moreover, I was confident that, in the very course of the struggle, the liberating character which the war had assumed was certain to become increasingly manifest.



I never assumed, however, that it would do so automatically. I realized that—like victory itself—the progressive goals made attainable by this war would be achieved only through the conscious struggles of the democratic forces of our nation and the world. To the furtherance of these ends, more than to any other cause, the past two years of my life have been devoted.

My academic interests were my first wartime casualties. Several major research projects were put aside "for the duration." Strictly professional pursuits came gradually to be overshadowed by activities relating to the war. By the summer of 1942, the conflict between my activities incident to the building of national unity for victory, on the one hand, and my professional interests and responsibilities, on the other, had reached the point where some readjustment was imperative. It was then that I obtained leave from Howard University and accepted temporary employment with the Office of Price Administration.

My work with OPA was in the Educational Services Branch of the Department of Information. It involved helping schools and colleges throughout the country to organize community-wide programs of wartime consumer education, teaching the masses of citizens the "why" and "how" of price control, rent control, and rationing, and what they must do to make these measures work. For a while, I was challenged by my work with OPA. It afforded expression for both my professional interests and my desire for direct participation in the war effort. I viewed the job, however, merely as an interim occupation prior to military service. Having been classified as "1 A" by Selective Service, and expecting induction at any time, I declined for several months to accept a permanent OPA appointment. I did accept such appointment only after several months of waiting for induction, and when Civil Service refused to authorize continuance of my successive temporary appointments.

Despite the fundamental necessity of OPA's program to the war effort—indeed, because of its importance coupled with the attacks to which it was subjected—I came in time to feel frustrated in my work with the Department of Information. It was clear that profit-seekers-as-usual, together with conscious fifth columnists within our nation, were working for the complete destruction of the price control and rationing programs.

AS I TRAVELED about teaching the people how to use their ration stamps and check prices, I wanted to tell them truths far more fundamental to their lives and the fate of our nation. I wanted to say that consumer action on the economic home

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front was not enough; that the crying need was for mass *political action* to defeat the wreckers of our war economy. I wanted to show that the defeatist attacks upon OPA were an integral part of the whole conspiracy against the win-the-war policies of our Commander-in-Chief. I wanted to try to arouse the people to the danger faced by our nation from Hitler's reserve army in our midst, to move them to political action which would secure, not only our wartime economy, but all other sectors of the home front as well.

But these were things which a civil servant of the federal government is not permitted to say. I was impelled to turn elsewhere, away from all "kept" institutions, for effective expression of my zeal for safeguarding our nation from its enemies within. I found my opportunity in the Communist Party.

Long before, I had come to respect the Communist Party and to appreciate its program. In the course of the war, I had seen that party put aside all advocacy of socialism "for the duration" and, to a degree that hardly any other organization can match, throw its entire resources and energies into the war effort of our nation. I saw in the program of the Communist Party opportunity for the expression of my highest patriotic and social ideals.

In June 1943, having passed the age for military service, I joined the Communist Party and became its educational director for Maryland and the District of Columbia. In so doing, I took a step toward which the experiences of my entire life seemed to point. Not only does it link me organizationally with what I am convinced is the political future of the world, but it also affords me opportunity, during this critical period of history, for maximum service as a civilian to the war effort of our nation.

DOXEY A. WILKERSON.

Slings and Arrows

Richard Wright is now rushing work on a new long novel and a play prior to being inducted into the armed forces. A short novel of his, "The Man Who Lived Underground," is scheduled to be published by Viking soon.

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Germans have learned to read between the lines in their press. When South German papers recently reported that somebody had tried unsuccessfully to explode the Rhine bridge to Basel, Rhinelanders dolefully remarked: "It must be Russian guerrillas trying to cut off the enemy's retreat."

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Every correspondent wishing to go abroad has to pass four government agencies: the State Department, War Department, FBI, and Naval Intelligence. Some American correspondents stationed abroad also seem to find it difficult to get back home. One of them had to have a high official of a foreign government intercede for him before he was able to return. Correspondents who have trouble getting back find that at some time in the past they were identified with the "wrong" committees—for instance, a committee for Loyalist Spain.

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A prominent "question answerer" in the Berlin Ministry of Propaganda, Dr. Erich Weiner, was fired recently and sent east to "atone" for making "defeatist statements" to foreign correspondents.

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Crystal gazing and fortune telling have grown widely in Germany. A Department of Occultism has been formed with headquarters in a Munich branch of the Reich's Health Ministry. All spiritualists, palm-readers, etc., must register so that "dangerous forms of occultism with international connections" may be distinguished from those which may be "useful." Media who don't see Nazi victories are sent to work in factories.

The "Hamburger Fremdenblatt" justified this measure as follows: "Experience has shown that due to doubts and disappointments and fears about the fate of their relatives at the front, many people seek refuge in occult practices. It may become dangerous. . . ." Reich soothsayers had been enjoying very profitable returns, but they began to be earnestly combated after Hess flew to Scotland.

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Victor Riesel, labor editor of the supposedly pro-Roosevelt New York "Post," has been saying privately that he favors Willkie in 1944. Riesel is a former editor of the Social Democratic "New Leader" and is close to the right-wing state leadership of the American Labor Party.

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Ruth Mitchell's book on the Yugoslav Chetniks, which has come out with a very small sound, has two rather damning pieces of evidence that she, along with Mikhailovich, chose the wrong side. She says she joined the Chetniks at a certain time—and research discloses that they were not even formed on that date. She also praises Gen. Milan Nedich—since exposed as a Serbian quisling.

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At the Stork Club recently Assistant Secretary of State Adolph Berle was confronted with these evidences of Miss Mitchell's political aberrations. "Miss Mitchell represents the Pan-Slav movement," he remarked loftily.

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Howard Emmett Rogers is now writing the screenplay for the life of Eddie Rickenbacker. Rogers was one of the leading lights of Screen Playwrights, the company union set up in Hollywood several years ago when the writers were organizing into the Screen Writers Guild.

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The head of Russian War Relief in Chicago is Count Sergei Alexandrovich Kutuzov, a grandson of the famous General Mikhail Kutuzov, who led Russia's war of liberation against Napoleon. Through his mother, Count Kutuzov is also descended from that other great military figure of Russia's past, General Alexander Suvorov, who in the eighteenth century defeated Frederick the Great of Prussia and led his triumphant armies to Berlin.

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Orson Welles, who believes the most urgent task today is to make clear to as many people as possible the issues involved in the worldwide struggle against fascism, is planning a speaking tour in the Middle West. He will also attend the forthcoming congress of the Free World Association in Montevideo, Uruguay.

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In the rebroadcast for home consumption of Hitler's latest speech one passage was omitted. This read: "If the German people despair, they will deserve no better than they get. If they despair, I will not be sorry for them if God lets them down."

PARTISAN.

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THE RUSSIANS AS I SAW THEM

Edgar Snow reports on the Soviets in battle. "The solemn prestige of blood." What lasting cooperation with this ally will mean to America and the world.

The following is the text, hitherto unpublished, of a speech made on November 6 by Mr. Snow at the luncheon opening the Congress of American-Soviet Friendship.

IT WAS my fortune to be working in the Soviet Union from October of last year till just before the German offensive last spring. When I arrived in Russia the battle of Stalingrad was still in an early stage. I found that every Russian already felt that the hour of decision had come, that the battle for the Volga meant survival or extinction for his country.

We can say today, I believe, that the issue at Stalingrad was even greater than that. The fate of mankind was at stake: our own rights to freedom, liberty and the pursuit of happiness hung in the balance. Perhaps I realized that more vividly than some people who remained in this country. Before I went to Russia I was in Africa, and saw how little was needed to give the Germans victory there. One British staff officer who should have known, told me that if the Germans could put ten divisions into North Africa the whole Allied position would be lost. But those ten divisions continued to be held in Russia—till it was too late.

I was in India when Burma fell and I can tell you now that if Japan had struck swiftly then, and with energy, at Bengal and Bihar and Assam, we might well have lost the industrial heart of India. But Japan also was watching Stalingrad. If the event there had given the Nazis the victory, there is in my own mind little doubt that the Japanese would be lording it over much of the Indian Empire today.

Later I went to Persia and I saw the same fear in men's minds over there. I can tell you today that we ourselves did not have, and our allies the British did not have, any force in that part of the world which could have stopped a German advance southward, if the Germans had won the Caucasus. Had Hitler taken Baku and then gone on into the Near East and the Middle East the whole course of the war would have been profoundly altered. I don't hesitate to declare that we would everywhere be on the defensive today rather than participating in victorious offensives—which all began when the German army broke its body and its spirit against the unyielding shoulder of the Volga River.

DOES anyone imagine that these facts, which are obvious to us, are not perfectly clear to the Russians? They know the truth, right down to the simplest farm woman in some far-off collective in Siberia. And just because the Russian soldiers at Stalingrad knew those facts too, they measured life small against the cause at stake. They had a slogan which was literal fact. "For us," the slogan said, "there is no land beyond the Volga."

I was in the Stalingrad area with the Red Army for a while, but I could not enter the city till two days after the German surrender. The Russians are prodigal with their own skins but not with those of foreign war correspondents and all I suffered from at Stalingrad was the forty-below-zero weather and Russian hospitality. When I finally got into the obliterated city I understood why I hadn't been permitted to enter earlier. The Russians had been fighting almost with their feet in the river. The Nazis actually broke through and got bridgeheads at several points, but somehow never managed to complete the encirclements. At the most important point, the Red October Factory area—where nothing remained but smouldering ashes and unexploded mines, when I got there—the Reds fought for days with only a hundred yards between themselves and the river. The Germans who had come so far, all the way from Berlin, could not take the last one hundred yards which might have given them strategic victory. Even after seeing the positions, I could not understand it. I asked some of the Russian heroes there, not the generals but the rank and file, how it was the Germans with all their armor hadn't been able to take that last bit of land. "They couldn't get through," the men replied, "because we could not retreat." It was as simple as that. For the Russians—for hundreds of thousands of them—there was no land beyond the Volga.

Later on I was dining in a dugout with General Chuikov, whose 62nd Army held that critical one hundred yards for days while the Russian counter-offensive was being prepared. General Chuikov already knew then that Hitler had reached his limit—the farthest shore of his advance. "The Germans hit us with all they had," he told me. "They will never again be able to attack with such strength. Stalingrad is the turning point of the war." It was at the same dinner that I met a red-cheeked Ukrainian girl who had been all through the battle as part of the service troops. I had done nothing to deserve the honor but she brought me a glass of water, newly thawed-out from a piece of Volga ice. I never drank anything that tasted better and I told her so. She looked at me and grinned with fierce pride. "It *ought* to be good," she said, "it's mixed with Russian blood!" There is Russian blood mixed with the water of every other river in the battle zones—very, very much of it.

HOW many lives the war has cost these people to date none of us knows exactly. I think the estimate of six to eight million killed and incapacitated soldiers is conservative. The civilian casualties may already be twice as great as that. I know what correspondents found at places like Rzhev and Mozhaisk, at Kharkov and Rostov, at Smolensk, and elsewhere. Take Rzhev, which before the war was a prosperous town of 65,000. About a third of the people escaped when the Germans came. When we went back after the Red Army, last spring, there were only about two hundred people in the town. Tens of thousands had starved, and the place was almost as ruined as Stalingrad.

At Kharkov, once a city of nearly a million, we found less than half the population had survived. Smolensk, another great city now levelled to the ground, lost over half its inhabitants. Novorossiisk was completely depopulated. More than a third of Leningrad's million and a half people had died before last spring—mostly of starvation. Further installments of the same story continue to reach us as the curtain rises from other areas now being liberated.

I recall such things here today because many Americans tend to forget them when they talk of Russia and the place we ought to "give" her in the peace that is coming. But the Russians cannot forget—not when nearly every family has lost one of its members. We Americans are making our full contribution to victory and that contribution and all the power and responsibility placed in our hands inevitably impose on us a role of world leadership. But Americans will not have to make the human sacrifices in this war that Russians have made—thank God!—and neither will the British. When the balance is made up, Russian losses will exceed the casualties of all the United Nations combined.

Russia's solemn prestige of blood is a fact bound to weigh very eloquently in history. In itself it bespeaks enough for Russia's faith in the things for which we have fought in common. It also bespeaks the unity of the Russian people, the wisdom and genius of their leadership, and the stability and practicability of the soviet socialist system of government in Russia.

AS FAR as international cooperation is concerned, Russia has done more than her share by securing the very foundations of that cooperation, through her magnifi-

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cent victories over Hitler. When it comes to the first moves for working out ways and means of making that cooperation a permanent fact the heaviest obligations lie on other shoulders. It is therefore fitting and proper that Mr. Hull and Mr. Eden should have gone to Moscow to meet with Messrs. Stalin and Molotov in the shadow of the Kremlin. For some of us, who have for twelve years, or ever since the Japanese seized Manchuria, maintained that Soviet-American cooperation was a necessary precondition of world security, what happened in Moscow last month seems like sunshine breaking through not after forty days of flood but after 4,000 days of rain and storm. If we can believe all the implications of the Moscow entente we are nearer the bright light of reason than man has ever been able to stand before.

In fact, I am sorry to say that some people in our country, and unfortunately they include too many of our senators, are afraid that all this good sense may actually lead us to a millenium of world peace. So we still hear voices raised against treaties and agreements which might bind us to a plan and act, on a world scale with Russia, to preserve security and promote the general welfare of society. These voices complain we are about to be robbed of our sovereignty or about to trade our heritage for Communism.

We might ask such people why our one hundred percent sovereignty—which is a myth to begin with—did not keep us out of this world war or the last one. We might ask them how we could have landed in a worse mess than the present one, if we had loaned some of that sovereignty to support certain acts of Soviet diplomacy in the past.

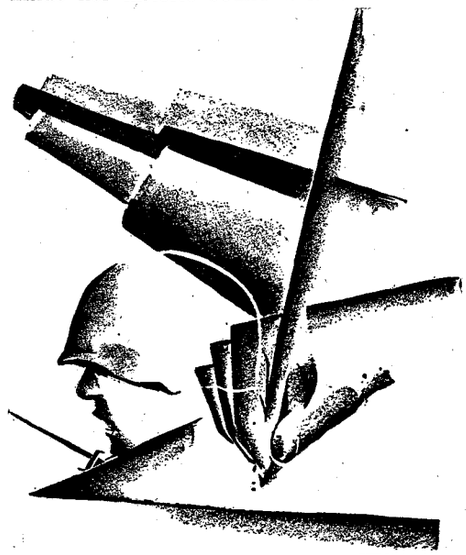
SUPPOSE we had made an agreement for common action with the Soviet Union ten years ago, after officially recognizing the existence of this little state of about 8,000,000 square miles. Suppose Britain had done the same. The dire consequence might have been that we should have found ourselves backing up these Soviet proposals —some of which Russia carried out unilaterally: (1) aid to China against the aggressor Japan; (2) cessation of trade with Japan; (3) establishment of an anti-aggressor front in the Far East; (4) aid to the democratically elected Spanish Republican Government which was fighting for its life against the fascist rebel Franco, backed by the bandits Hitler and Mussolini; (5) opposition to the Munich agreement which sold Czechoslovakia down the river to our pal Adolf Hitler; (6) an Anglo-French-Soviet entente, which Russia proposed even after Munich but which was rejected by Mr. Chamberlain who had already bought "peace for our time" from Hitler.

It seems from that sampling that if we had been tied to the bolsheviks they wouldn't have used our borrowed sovereignty to start a world revolution after all, but just to whittle down the fascists to the pigmy size they are, before the giants of this earth. We might recall too that one of the many Soviet offers brushed aside by nitwits at Geneva was a promise to accept total and universal disarmament—in days before Germany had gone completely mad. Oddly enough some diplomats considered it was Mr. Litvinov who was mad—not Hitler—when he made that proposal—which shows you the kind of people we had running our world those days.

The point is that had we Americans, and had the British, helped enforce some of the proposals I have mentioned, or brought forth and supported better ones, Stalin might never have been driven to make a non-aggression pact with Hitler, which he did when other means of safeguarding Russian security had failed. Perhaps we would have had no World War II at all—anyway no war on the present scale. And it is human of me now to be glad personally that I can point out these truths today with a clear conscience because I wrote the same thing long before we got into war.

Cooperation with Russia has nothing to do with whether America wants to accept Communism as a way of life, any more than cooperation with Britain means accepting the King-Emperor of Britain, or the Cockney way of life, or cooperation with China means we must take Chiang Kai-shek as dictator. Cooperation with Russia is simpler than that; it means the two nations want to accept peace as a way of life, rather than spend the next ten or twelve years preparing for World War III. For peace is not an unearned dividend any more than war is. In this complex age of flight when every country is every other country's back yard or front yard, peace is something that has to be worked for, above all something that must be planned.

From all I could learn in the Soviet Union I believe the people of Russia understand that, and are prepared to do their part to plan and maintain peace. I believe Russia wants above all a secure world in which she can develop the great riches lying inside her historic boundaries. I think the Russians do not covet their neighbors' gardens—but that if aggressors are let loose in the world again Russia can and will act in a positive way to safeguard her frontiers.



No one can live long in Russia, even in the desolate period when I lived there, and not sense the youthful, the ever-growing vigor of this nation, its boundless reservoirs of hope. Whatever happens, nothing, absolutely nothing, can stop these people from becoming the mightiest power in Europe or Asia. Sooner or later we must reconcile ourselves to that enormous historic fact—and either work with it or against it.

WE SHOULD be glad that the Russians today want us to work with them—that they value our aid and cooperation. We should rejoice that they will support any proposals, as I believe they will, which promise security and reasonable independance for democratic and anti-imperialist nations. They will support them simply because in such a world they can accomplish their primary aims—which are to rebuild their ruined cities, to heal their tragic wounds, and to improve the welfare of the many peoples within their borders.

Such aims do not conflict with our democratic American aspirations. There is nothing there which other genuinely democratic peoples need fear. There is much which can benefit all. Before us there has opened up an opportunity to work together with Russia not only in Europe but also in Asia and the Pacific. There is a chance for us to create, with the help of other coequal states, a golden age of reason and realism in human affairs, an era of planned and orderly progress—a world such as has never been seen before.

It is not my task nor my competence to advocate here today the charter of the machinery by which such a partnership could work—though for myself I think the basic principles were brilliantly illuminated recently by Mr. Sumner Welles, in his speech before the Foreign Policy Association. It is rather the all-important task of this Council of American-Soviet Friendship, this Congress, to hammer out such details on the broad anvil of honest democratic discussion.

If, in the time you have generously given me, I have left a little raw metal on that anvil, I wish it could be this: (1) that the Soviet peoples want our friendship and our cooperation, and will in time reciprocate it; (2) that they have established absolutely their high place in world leadership by sacrifices which our own land has been spared; (3) that we must try to remember that this proud prestige of blood, which is naturally to us very remote, is a living tragedy which will color the outlook of every Russian for a long time to come; and (4) that the lesson of this catastrophe is that peace is not an unearned dividend, but the product of men's labor and above all of tireless planning—no less than victory in war.

EDGAR SNOW.

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READERS' FORUM

Illiberal Arts

To New Masses: I was interested in reading William Kerman's article on the Liberal Arts education (New Masses, October 19); I can believe every one of his statements. I think I can point out some of the reasons for the state of affairs he describes.

First of all I would like to amend Mr. Kerman's statement of the object of the Liberal Arts education. He says it should "acquaint the student with the best that has been thought and felt by humanity, broaden his outlook, teach him to see the world beyond his immediate narrow interests and prepare him to find his way in the maze of problems which await him upon leaving school and going into the world." I take it that he has in mind the general good or welfare of humanity when he refers to solving problems which await him on leaving school. In other words his decisions on problems confronting him should be guided not only by what is best for himself in order to get along, but what is best for the general welfare of humanity. Accepting that, I wish to amend the general definition of the purpose of a Liberal Arts education to include solving the problems of others, or influencing the solution of the problems of others. Specifically I mean that since there are persons in places of authority and power whose decisions have a far-reaching effect on humanity, these persons should be made to listen to the intelligent layman as represented by a product of a good Liberal Arts education. Such a man will feel it his duty to bring his opinion to the attention of those in authority.

The Liberal Arts education should instill in the student a sense of his responsibility as a member of his community, as a resident of his state, and as a citizen of his country. All this, of course, presupposes a definite purpose in education, a purpose to promote the general good of humanity. Knowledge for its own sake is all very well up to a point, but it must fall far short of the demands which should be made of it by anyone with a trace of social consciousness. Many of the mistakes made in the past fifteen years by people with great power might have been avoided had those people benefitted by the right kind of education.

We cannot expect that an exhaustive study of, let us say, botany, or astrophysics will be the proper preparation for making intelligent social decisions. It is rather those courses included in the Liberal Arts curriculum which must do that.

Now, I believe the reason why the usual presentation of these courses falls short of this goal is simply that there is no definite frame of reference set up at the start. In other words, if our aim is finally to promote the general good of humanity, we must use this idea as a guide in giving proper importance to the details of our studies. It would seem to be the commonest of sense to decide just what is the general good. This is, without question, never done. The main point against it, I believe, is that it would be inflicting the social convictions of an instructor on his students. Such a man would risk being fired from the faculty.

But just think of the present alternative, a vacuous objectivity. Where would the physicist be if he attempted to study the motions of the various planets to achieve order out of a seeming chaos, if he did not consider one body relative to another? It is little wonder that a subject like history becomes an agonizing accumulation of facts, a memory feat to be performed for a given examination and then thankfully put behind. Are there no lessons to be learned from history that we can apply to today's problems? Do the accumulated facts point to one social or economic system as being superior to another? . . .

Many people may have wondered why it is that the radical students somehow seem to be the best students, the students most animated, most keenly interested in their studies. The answer becomes simple. They have a standard to use for a measuring stick; they may measure everything they come across with this stick. It makes no difference if they place undue importance on this thing or that; the main thing is, in having some chance to integrate what they study, to try to account for the various events they read about, they become effortlessly interested in everything they come up against. The lack of such a standard in nine-tenths of the students (not necessarily the same standard) is largely responsible for the sad state of the classroom today, and that, I believe, is why professors are the way they are, the way Mr. Kerman found them. Some are unwilling to change, others unable to change, but all of them are restrained from changing.

Highland Park, N. J. Gordon Silver.

Writers Congress

To New Masses: I suppose every writer who has a piece cut and revised by an editor feels he has been done an injustice. Well, I am not too concerned about that, knowing the value of NM space. However, I feel that such cutting of my article on the recent Writers Congress ("The Pen as Sword," October 26 issue) resulted in a failure to impart fully the significance of this Congress on the cultural front in the war effort.

Although the Congress was held in a West Coast city, neither its actuality nor its meaning for future cultural ties within the United States and beyond its borders, could be considered limited or regional. Our ideas of place have surely been altered by the strange names now so familiar to all through battles on every continent and ocean. The small university village of Westwood was for several days in October: America, North and South, and every country from which representatives or exiles came to the Congress. The Congress is not over; those days were a centrifugal force. Closing night, James Hilton put it like this: "It isn't enough to make democracy talk. It talks enough anyway. The writer, if he has faith in humanity, must make democracy *sing*—and sing to the ends of the earth."

Two of the items in my original paper, I feel it especially unfortunate to have omitted. One, the striking fact behind the statement of Lt. Col. Owen Crump, of the Army Air Force Film Unit, that the Congress had brought together for the first time all the services to discuss their problems in information, education, and indoctrination.

Two, the recognition by the fifth column in the person of Senator Jack Tenney, California, that a cultural gathering of writers, educators, and representatives of the Armed Forces, was no small weapon in the winning of minds to active democracy. Senator Tenney rightly estimated the significance of the Writers Congress. He opened his attack weeks before the Congress with lurid charges that those who conceived and arranged it were Communists. He threatened and bullied in the acquiescent press to produce a list of proved "reds." He demanded the University of California heads recognize this "plot" and close their doors to the Congress. Needless to say here the University ignored Senator Tenney, kept open its doors, and at the public sessions of the Congress, answered him for what he is. "Is it mere chance," asked Dr. Gustave Arlt, "or prophetic foreboding that the reactionary politicians of another period, the Scholastics, branded the writings of Aristotle as subversive and sought to force the universities to abandon them?"

The Mexican government is preparing to investigate the fascist activities of the Spanish Falange. Secretary Ickes in his Philadelphia speech recently said the Spanish Falange and the Mexican Sinarquistas are both the creations of Hitler, who appointed General von Faupel as head of the Ibero-American "Institute" in 1934. "The most important Nazi-fascist penetration and the most dangerous to the cause of democracy and pan-Americanism, is the so-called Sinarquista movement." Secretary Ickes mentioned Father Coughlin and his ilk as friends of the Sinarquistas.

The shameful Sleepy Lagoon case in Los Angeles, which is but part of the exploding terror of racism against Mexicans, Negroes, Jews and other minorities, prejudice sharpened and fired by our native fifth columnists whose ideas and deeds fit into the mesh of Nazi-fascist permeation of democracy, is short-waved gleefully to Japan and Germany and publicized throughout the Americas.

Senator Tenney with a Senate "investigating" committee "investigated" the Sinarquistas in this connection. He washed them clean and white, and charged that those who attacked this known fascist organization were "Communists," therefore he *defended* the Sinarquistas.

Of course, Senator Tenney finds many ways to express himself, but along came the Writers Congress and he made the headlines again with the same old cry of "Communists." This may be getting threadbare; we may believe that everyone recognizes what Senator Tenney stands for, but that is false comfort. Until the war and the peace is won, these tiresome cries of Tenney and others like him are the whistle of the long underground train of American traitors and enemy delegates to a land that has too long ignored the firm, unmolested rails of tolerated prejudice at home.

Hollywood, Calif. Sanora Babb.

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EMMA LAZARUS

"Her name and sonnet are fittingly wrought in metal on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty." A tribute to the famous Jewish poet on the fifty-sixth anniversary of her death.

THERE is only one reason why people today should read the work of Emma Lazarus; but that is reason enough: she can still delight, stir, inspire, and instruct.

Her sonnet, "The New Colossus," placed in 1903 on a plaque affixed to the Statue of Liberty, is known to millions, though many do not even know she wrote it. Of those who do, too few know that she wrote anything else. Yet the sonnet comes out of a profound and intense experience that was itself only one part and one expression of something broader and richer.

Most who have written about Emma Lazarus, both in her own time and more recently, have fallen prey to a confusing exaggeration. To dramatize a point that has its own sufficient drama, they have resorted to melodrama. They would have us believe that until the Russian pogroms of the 1880's she had no interest in Jews or the problems of Jews, that she had virtually no consciousness of being a Jew. Evidence to the contrary is neglected or explained away.

Now it is true that the events in Russia and Madame Z. Ragozin's apology for them in the *Century* evoked a qualitative change in Emma Lazarus' consciousness of and activity in behalf of the Jews. But it will help us understand and appreciate the full significance of this change if we do not ignore the existing elements without which that change could not have taken place.

The record as I read it shows that a Jewish consciousness was present in Emma Lazarus from her earliest days as a young writer. There is her poem written at the age of eighteen, "In the Jewish Synagogue at Newport," published in her volume *Admetus and Other Poems*, and immediately reprinted in the *Jewish Messenger*. There is her life-long interest in Heinrich Heine, whose position as a Jew she so thoroughly understood and so brilliantly analyzed. There are her translations from Gabirol and Halevy, published in the *Jewish Messenger* early in 1879. There is the aid she gave Dr. Gustav Gottheil of Temple Emanuel "for some years before 1882" in his work on a collection of hymns and anthems adapted for Jewish worship. And, perhaps most significant, there is the fact that she wrote her profoundly moving

Emma Lazarus: 1849—1887

play, "The Dance to Death," a few years before it was published in 1882 in the collection, *Songs of a Semite*.

THEN what was the character of the transformation that Emma Lazarus underwent? It was not a transformation from an absence of interest in Jewry, or very little interest, to a sudden espousal of the cause of the Jew. Consciousness and interest there had always been, but it was an interest in Jewry distant and past, not present and American.

She felt herself confronted with no *problems* that she and other Jews had to solve. No action was required. The persecuted Jews of fourteenth-century Germany, whose condition and courage she dramatizes in "The Dance to Death," were long dead, and conditions in Germany had been changed. In general the extension of democracy was easing the burden of the Jew. Her sympathies were all with the oppressed, whose history she was reading, but it was a passive sympathy because she saw no present issue. Such an issue was presented to the world and to Emma Lazarus by the Russian pogroms that began in 1879 and increased in extent and ferocity during the next years. The pogroms evoked a passionate reaction she had not known before, and led her into active struggle against the brutalities abroad that her imagination rendered so vivid and her conscience made so personal. Now there was work to be done, refugees to be cared for, American Jews to be aroused to participation in the defense of a kin they were slow to recognize, too slow at least to suit Emma Lazarus. To enrich and to make more effective this new activity of hers, literary and otherwise, she found it necessary to enlarge and intensify her studies in Jewish history. Such was the new pattern of her life, fashioned out of old elements, but fired in the furnace of zealous activity.

HAVING access, because of her previous work, to non-Jewish magazines of distinction, she carried the intellectual struggle into these organs, publishing some of her most stirring prose and poetry in periodicals like the *Century* and the *Critic*. But while she battled the anti-Semitic enemy with one hand in these publications, she was using the other to arouse American Jewry itself to her own heightened sense of responsibility and fraternity. The *American Hebrew* grew in stature as she became for several years a regular contributor of drama, poetry, and prose. She developed a passion for Jewish history, but not for theology. Her concern was not so much with the articles of Jewish faith as with the plight of the Jewish people. She rewrote in prose and sang in poetry the vital lessons that could solve the problems of the Jews of the 1880's. The heroes, scholars, and poets of the Jewish people—Bar Kochba and Raschi, Gabirol and Halevy—she made more than ever her own, and shared them with her people. To Jew and non-Jew she presented with eloquence her concept of, and findings about, the Jews. The Jews loved life and nature. The Jews were thinkers whose thoughts had influenced both the Christian and Mohammedan world. The Jews were tough-fibered and resistant; oppression could bend but not break them, scatter them but not destroy. Jews were an able and resourceful people; they tended to excel in whatever pursuits were open to them.

The Jews needed and loved freedom. She wrote: "Until we are all free, we are none of us free." She wrote again: "Today, wherever we are free, we are at home." Jews sought learning first, and wealth only secondarily, and that generally when they felt wealth was their only protection against insult. Their banner bore the democratic word "justice" rather than the con-

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descending or sentimental word "charity." Jews were rebels, not dogmatists. "The Jew (I say it proudly rather than deprecatingly) is a born rebel. He is endowed with a shrewd, logical mind, in order that he may examine and protest; with a stout and fervent heart in order that the instinct of liberty may grow into a consuming passion, whereby, if need be, all other impelling motives shall be swallowed up." Jews would follow the truth, therefore, wherever it led, despite the fact that for them it so often led to persecution. Maybe others — non-Jews — also shared these ideals. But they were the *dominant* Christians and could have applied their principles—yet so often did not—and oh so often hounded the Jews for trying to do so. These things she learned and these she taught in words noble and stark.

For her America was to be free, its democracy to be thoroughly tested. American Jews, these new immigrants especially, must do everything—not only those few things allowed them in European despotisms—they must farm and work and build and trade and learn and create and teach.

But how many Jews could come to this America? There must be other solutions. With democracy so limited in Europe—czars, kaisers, tyrants reigning so widely—Jews needed a home of their own, a state where they could become a nation again. George Eliot, to whom Emma Lazarus dedicated "The Dance to Death," had thought of it and had made her Daniel Deronda speak of it. Another English writer, Laurence Oliphant, traveling in Palestine, had repeated it. Emma Lazarus made the idea her own and began to discuss it with special vigor in the *American Hebrew*. Her solution was not intended for American Jews—who, she made clear, would, could, and should stay here. But the Russian Jews, the Polish, Rumanian, Hungarian—the oppressed and haunted millions of Europe—they needed it. It was her answer to the lack of democracy on the continent. Herzl's concept, to become known as Zionism, was still unheard of when she expressed her aspiration for the conditions of a normal national life for the Jews.

REALITY has outstripped her vision. Even in this war against fascism and its anti-Semitic barbarity, a war for the very physical survival of world Jewry, we can see how much it has outstripped her. One Jewish national state is being built in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—in Biro-Bidjan—while many millions of Jews live freely in the Soviet Union: collective farmers, socialist workers, intellectuals, poets, and military heroes. Another Jewish community is being built in Palestine to grow perhaps, in time and under favorable conditions, into another Jewish nation. (Are only Christians and Mohammedans to have many nations and states, and Jews only one?) She to whom nothing new was alien would have assimilated this reality too and broadened her vision.

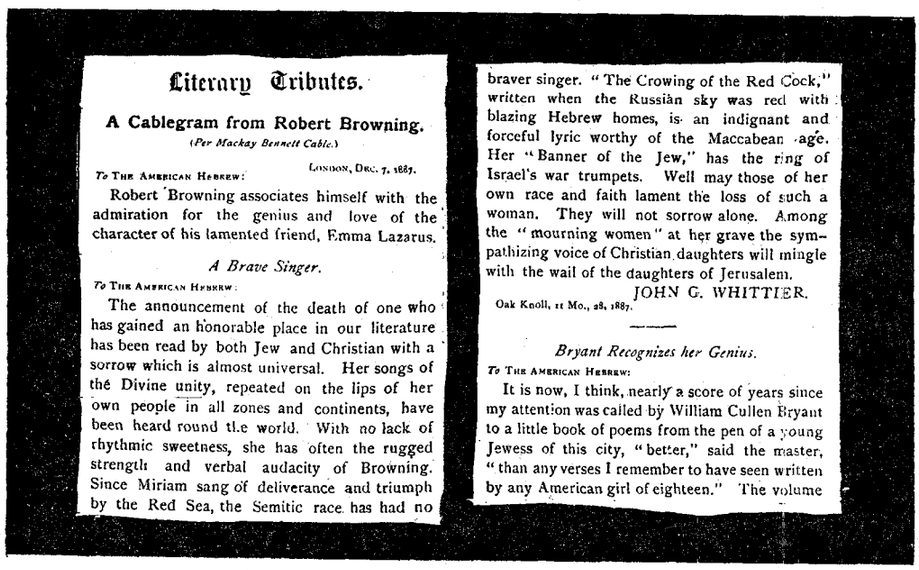
For she had looked where it was forbidden and daring to look. In the Mosaic Code she had found the ethics and foundation of the idea then so fresh—socialism. She disputed with surprised Christians their claim to having originated socialist ideals. The basis was in the Mosaic Code, she insisted. And wasn't Marx, weren't other leaders of the socialist movement, Jews? Proudly she claimed her own.

In England, there was a poet, whom she had long admired, imitated, and emulated, William Morris. He was a socialist, a Marxian. When she went to England in the spring of 1883 she made sure to seek him out, spending a day with him at his factory in Surrey, and wrote about it for the *Century* on her return home. Morris and socialism were being misrepresented. In the article she set out to explain how good and sincere Morris was, how his poetry had led him to his politics, and what his politics were. "The passion for beauty," she wrote of Morris and perhaps of herself too, "which unless balanced by a sound and earnest intelligence is apt to degenerate into sickly and selfish estheticism, inflames him with the burning desire to bring all classes of humanity under its benign influence." Moses, Marx, and William Morris—she claimed them all.

Her name and her sonnet are fittingly wrought in metal on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty. When America needed a poet to express what America meant to the world and to Americans, it turned to Emma Lazarus. As more Americans, Jewish and non-Jewish, come to know more of her work, she will resume a place in their hearts and minds that still needs to be filled. She led us briefly while she lived, and her thoughts led us for a time after she died. But there is more in Emma Lazarus than is remembered. We need that more.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

(Editor's Note: The foregoing is a passage taken from Mr. Schappes' introduction to "Emma Lazarus: Selections from her Poetry and Prose," of which he is the editor. The volume, in pamphlet form, will be published early in December by the Jewish-American section of the International Workers Order.)



Literary Tributes.

A Cablegram from Robert Browning.

(Per Mackay Bennett Cable.)

LONDON, DEC. 7, 1887.

To THE AMERICAN HEBREW:

Robert Browning associates himself with the admiration for the genius and love of the character of his lamented friend, Emma Lazarus.

A Brave Singer.

To THE AMERICAN HEBREW:

The announcement of the death of one who has gained an honorable place in our literature has been read by both Jew and Christian with a sorrow which is almost universal. Her songs of the Divine unity, repeated on the lips of her own people in all zones and continents, have been heard round the world. With no lack of rhythmic sweetness, she has often the rugged strength and verbal audacity of Browning. Since Miriam sang of deliverance and triumph by the Red Sea, the Semitic race has had no braver singer. "The Crowing of the Red Cock," written when the Russian sky was red with blazing Hebrew homes, is an indignant and forceful lyric worthy of the Maccabean age. Her "Banner of the Jew," has the ring of Israel's war trumpets. Well may those of her own race and faith lament the loss of such a woman. They will not sorrow alone. Among the "mourning women" at her grave the sympathizing voice of Christian daughters will mingle with the wail of the daughters of Jerusalem.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oak Knoll, ft Mo., 28, 1887.

Bryant Recognizes her Genius.

To THE AMERICAN HEBREW:

It is now, I think, nearly a score of years since my attention was called by William Cullen Bryant to a little book of poems from the pen of a young Jewess of this city, "better," said the master, "than any verses I remember to have seen written by any American girl of eighteen." The volume

Tributes to Emma Lazarus on her death from the "American Hebrew," Dec. 9, 1887.

England in 1939

SURVIVAL, *by Phyllis Bottome. Little, Brown. $2.50.*

PHYLLIS BOTTOME's latest novel is restricted to the narrow compass within which she writes with finesse. It analyzes the mind and spirit of a few characters in a period of crisis. Ostensibly a refugee psychiatrist's account of how he attained spiritual regeneration in England by sloughing off indifference and serving others, it is in reality his portrayal of a highly neurotic family whose involved affairs he helps to unravel.

The quality of this book lies less in its limited action than in the play of the psychiatrist's sophisticated intelligence over England's indecisive and terrible days from 1939 to the height of the air raids in 1941. Through the mind of Dr. Rudolph von Ritterhaus, Miss Bottome probes and evaluates a wide variety of events, attitudes, and ideas which might engage the attention of a semi-detached and analytical spectator. Thus the novel is interlarded with observations, intended to be profound, which are expressed in Miss Bottome's urbane manner. They give the reader an impression of depth and of an anti-fascist glow.

But Miss Bottome sometimes pontificates. She speaks too often with an air of smug omniscience, in banalties and meretricious symbolism. Frequently her adverse

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criticisms, especially of England, are smothered in the kind of "understanding" that leads to indulgent toleration. And her observations are so numerous that they form a running essay, parallel to the action but not integrated with it. The thesis of this essay is that the world, like her characters, is psychologically ill and, like them, must find its remedy in brotherhood and love. This is the age-old theory, familiar in various guises, which ignores the economic and political foundations of social injustice for the easy and comfortable theory of the decadent but redeemable spirit.

Equality, brotherhood, and love are attributes which we are striving to preserve and restore. Miss Bottome insists upon their value and shows that they cannot exist under fascism. But she presents them as means rather than ends and uses them to slick up a rather superficial story.

CLIFFORD HALLAM.

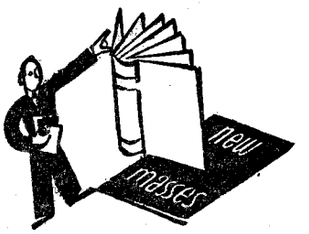
Brief Review

INDIA'S PROBLEM CAN BE SOLVED, *by DeWitt Mackenzie. Doubleday, Doran. $3.*

MR. MACKENZIE'S book is written in an easy, journalistic style which leaves an impression of pottiness and superficiality. He recognizes the urgency of solving the problem of India, which has become in wartime the eighth industrial producer of the world, though the country's economic system remains fundamentally agrarian and colonial. Moreover, though India is a major base in the United Nations war effort against Japan, famine conditions prevail in several provinces, notably Bengal; and there is widespread bitterness among the Indian people as a result of their failure to achieve self-government.

Mackenzie tends to overstress the Hindu-Moslem differences in India and sees the nationalist struggle too much in terms of the personalities of Gandhi and Jinnah, head of the Moslem League. To him, India remains a land of "anomalies and mysteries," and he seems to agree with the opinion that there "is a complete lack of unity to be found in the sub-continent." In general, he favors the oft-proclaimed British thesis that it is internal disunity, not imperial rule from abroad, which is responsible for India's failure to achieve freedom.

Much of the book is concerned with interesting personal interviews with some of India's leaders—Gandhi, Nehru, Jinnah, the liberal leader Sapru, the orthodox Hindu leader Mookerjee, and Gandhi's son Devadas Gandhi, editor of the *Hindustan Times*. But there is not a single reference to the growing labor movement or Kisan Sabha peasant unions in India. It is this predilection for personalities and extraneous bits of information rather than for the interplay of social forces in India which makes for superficiality.



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NORTH STAR'S CRITICS

Daniel Prentiss discusses reviewers' reactions to Lillian Hellman's movie. . . . Is there a conflict between the documentary and fiction film?

THIS week's products—*Claudia* and *Old Acquaintance*—are not the sort that calls for extended appraisal, so I welcome the opportunity for further comment on the Hellman-Milestone film *The North Star*.

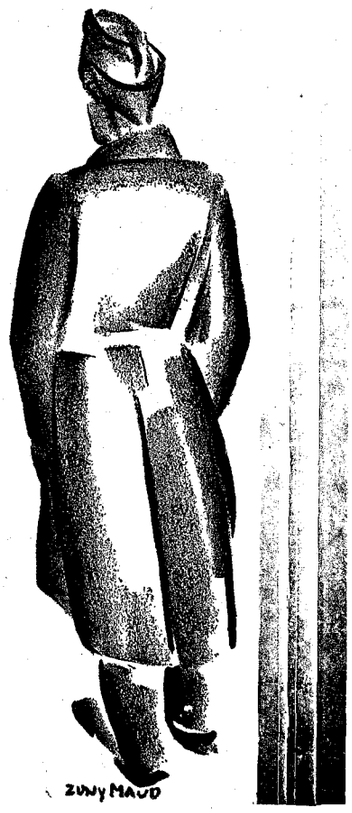
North Star occupies a unique position in the history of American cinema. It is Hollywood's first major *fiction* film of enlightened purpose and artistic maturity on the Soviet Union. Only *Boy from Stalingrad* has preceded *North Star* in the fiction genre. Now, we do not wish to minimize the former. No one in his right senses would exchange five minutes of it for a tumbril of malignancies like *Knight Without Armor*, *Ninotchka*, or *She Stayed for Breakfast*. But *Boy from Stalingrad* failed to convince fully because it was conceived in terms of an "Our Gang" film, though wholesome and well-meaning. Hellman's *North Star* script put Hollywood's resources, technical and spiritual, to a sterner test.

But a film of *North Star's* flaming integrity constitutes no less a test for audience and critic. Audiences will manifest their reactions largely in terms of future box-office reports so that we can only speculate on them at present, although *Variety's* succinct "STAR PREEM (premiere) TERRIF" reassures one. But the response of the film critics is at hand. To be brief, the boys outdid themselves. A good thing had come along and they knew it for what it was. To keep the record straight let us confess that this department was not entirely prepared for such wholehearted and discerning approval.

THE discordant voices — the Hearst press, Miss Creelman of the New York *Sun* and Kate Cameron of the New York *Daily News*—do not occasion surprise. But they warrant some comment, if only for future reference. As was to be expected, Hearst made a nauseating spectacle of himself. It so happened that Frank Quinn, the New York *Mirror's* staff film reviewer, saw *North Star* at a preview. He pronounced it the movie-of-the-*Mirror* . . . "One of the most vivid of all war dramas, painted in masterful, delicate strokes, by Lillian Hellman, and superbly acted." One and a half million copies of the *Mirror* containing the praise above had already been run off before word came through from Sir Chief to assassinate the film. The presses were stopped and a substitute review from the pen of editor Jack Lait inserted, a key sample of which is the following sentiment—"film could not be worse if Stalin paid for it."

Miss Cameron of the New York *Daily News* was more subtle though equally bent on thuggery. Notice how sly her approach! "It is my personal opinion that the Russians dramatize their own war efforts more realistically and therefore more effectively than Hollywood does when it attempts to record the German-Russian struggle on the screen." The remainder of her review is mere enlargement of this first sentence. What conclusion would she like the industry and reader to draw from her dictum? Obviously that Hollywood call off all contemplated production of films on Russian themes. And her motives are unimpeachable! She has only the interests of Russia at heart!

Let us assume, for purpose of argument, that Miss Cameron is sincere in her protestations, although this reviewer does not lend himself to that opinion. What is the basic truth of the matter? Nothing other than that the Soviet Union by its sacrifices, morale, skill, its defense of the human soul has aroused universal admiration and love. These feelings are deep in the heart and brain of all artists, and songs on the Soviet Union will be sung, poetry written and films created, a host of Kate Camerons notwithstanding. And as for confining an artist's efforts to exclusive and insular depiction of his native land, the history of culture rises up to confute such a senseless, and fortunately impossible, notion.



ONE other critic's reactions concern us. If we take partial exception to Mr. Bosley Crowther's Sunday New York *Times* review of *North Star* it is with full recognition of his honesty and positive abilities. But the question he poses appears to us an unreal one. He questions "whether, so far as screen values are concerned, constructed fiction is more impressive than literal fact in conveying a visual conception of the stupendous nature of this war . . . whether such a picture (*North Star*) in a familiar American style will be more effective with American audiences than a grim Russian factual film," etc. Here again we run into the same setting up of Russian film effort against American, although this is not Mr. Crowther's main point. If we understand him, what is really troubling him is the old and unsettled problem—documentary versus fiction film. It should be apparent that neither form has exclusive claim upon any particular subject matter; that both forms are broad enough, or can be further broadened, to encompass any subject matter; that *both* can achieve results of maximum impact and artistic value; that the documentary manner, so called, has made its influence felt on the fictional film and the other way around. Would Mr. Crowther set up an opposition of, let us say, reportage to the fiction novel, on the same basis of exclusiveness? Both forms are equally valid and flexible. Both will respond to knowing hands.

By the time this review is put up in print the Army orientation film, *Battle of Russia* (previously reviewed in NEW MASSES) will have begun its first New York run at the Globe Theater no more than two blocks from the Victoria Theater, which houses *North Star*. I urge readers to

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attend both films. I'm convinced they will find supplement but no conflict between the two.

★

OLD ACQUAINTANCE, *Warner's. From the John Van Druten stage play. Director: Vincent Sherman; played by Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins.*

CLAUDIA, *Twentieth Century-Fox. From Rose Franken stage play. Director: Ed Goulding. Principals: Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Ina Claire.*

THIS reviewer, in pursuance of his duty, found it necessary to screen both of the above within five hours of each other. Perhaps they'd have come off better solo, but together they make a sorry aggregate. The sane movie-goer will take his time and ration them. Either one will suffice for the season. *Old Acquaintance* pretends to the dignity of a problem play. (1) If Love knocks at the door and it turns out to be your best friend's husband (John Loder), should you (Bette Davis) hide in the closet? (2) Can forty-five (years) wed thirty? Reply: "Yes, but only if thirty is willing." (3) Should an author devote himself to hugely successful pot-boilers (Miss Hopkins' trade) or to unsuccessful pot-boilers? (Davis dishes out the heavy stuff.) Miss Davis looks ill at ease, but *you* try to toss off such timeless aphorisms as "there comes a time in every woman's life when the only thing that will help is a glass of champagne," or, "there is a certain ecstasy in wanting things you know you can't get."

As for *Claudia*, the Mock Turtle had a word for it: "Beautiful soup so rich and green, waiting in a hot tureen . . . soup of the evening, beautiful soup." Dorothy McGuire is interesting to watch if you can detach her from the circumambient amenities.

★

"DAY AFTER DAY" and *Leningrad Music Hall*, comprising the current Stanley Theater program, will reward your attendance. Perhaps you will remember the film *One Day of War, Russia 1942*, the March of Time released last winter. It was a shortened version of *Day After Day*. At the time, our regret that it had not been found possible to release *Day After Day* in full length was assuaged by the bang-up job March of Time delivered. Thanks are due to Artkino for their decision to exhibit the film in its original form. It must be said that the footage March of Time omitted is every bit as valuable as the material retained.

Leningrad Music Hall offers a first-rate compilation of music and dance sequences featuring some of the Soviet Union's best soloists and ensembles. The ballet excerpt from *Taras Bulba* is quite the best dancing to hit this dance infatuated town.

DANIEL PRENTISS.

Minus Theme

A play about Jews which overlooks anti-Semitism

OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE, *a new play by Rose Franken, directed by the author. Setting by Raymond Sovey. Presented by William Brown Meloney at the Forty-Eighth Street Treater.*

THE author of *Another Language* and *Claudia* has managed to write a play without a central theme. The result is a bewildering number of peripheral thrusts into nowhere out of a hollowness which should not be mistaken for depth. I could not tell where the play was going at the end of the first act; I was even more puzzled at the end of the second act; the final curtain completely confounded me. And yet, this is the most literate and the best-acted of the new plays this season.

The action takes place in the living room of the Harris' shore home near New York. The program note gives the time as the summer of 1941. There is nothing in the play, however, to indicate the nature of this fateful summer. And this is very odd because a family as Jewish as the Harris family, and as aware of anti-Semitism, might have shown some slight cognizance if not fear of the stupendous sweep of Nazi arms. Bert Harris, family head and Wall Street broker, would surely have seen the invasion of Russia in some relation to his business. But then, Bert is merely labeled a broker, and nothing in his conversation or attitude suggests that frame of reference. I call attention to the time of the play only because Miss Franken wishes us to think she has written seriously and because most of the reviewers rather thought the play had something to do with anti-Semitism. The only evidence to back this misconception is that the family friend and physician, Dr. Goldsmith, had been denied an appointment at a hospital before the play began. This is mentioned several times but since no one does anything more than regret its having happened, it gains nothing in the repetition and is in fact forgotten after the first act. The second act contains no spoor of the anti-Semitism theme. In the third act, when Bert discovers that his adored younger brother is a homosexual, he cries out bitterly, though with startling irrelevance, "You have betrayed our race!"

No, *Outrageous Fortune* is not a play about anti-Semitism; nor is it even a play about a Jewish family, because there is nothing except grandmother Harris' marinated herring to support the portrait. The play is full of neurotic people and yet neurosis is not its theme. Bert's wife, Madeleine, is frigid and uncertain and palpitates after a young musician, Barry Hamilton. Later in the play, she explains seriously to her sympathetic husband that her try—coupled with his feelin, for Crystal Grainger—only proves how much they still love each other! Barry is dreadfully unhappy because he is bi-sexual and has a mother fixation and yet cannot fall in love with his mistress, Crystal Grainger, who is twenty-five years older than he. Crystal seeks her youth in young men and is intensely psychic. Dr. Goldsmith's whole life has been saddened because he did not marry Madeleine. His wife, Gertrude, has been driven talk-crazy in an effort to forget her unfortunate position. Bert's brother, Julian, a composer, is homosexual. A neighbor's daughter, Kitty, is engaged to him and attempts suicide in the intermission between the second and third acts. Cynthia, Crystal's Negro maid, has an unpleasant, mystical relationship to her employer. The only normal people are old Mrs. Harris and Bert. At the conclusion of the play, Julian teams with a purple writer and goes off to Hollywood, Barry decides to have a look at Kitty, and Crystal decently expires off stage, though her death is entirely devoid of significance or dramatic necessity.

Perhaps the kindest way to consider Miss Franken's play is to think of it as a vehicle for the return to our stage of the once glamorous Elsie Ferguson. Miss Ferguson is now fourteen years older and her once wonderful voice is no longer as rich and vibrant, but she does admirably in the part of Crystal, the catalytic clairvoyant. Frederic Tozere makes Bert Harris entirely likable and a relief to follow. I thought Margalo Gilmore, playing his wife, keyed her performance a trifle too sharply. Adele Longmire, as the young girl who discovers that her fiance might as well be another girl, plays with appropriate cynicism and anguish. Brent Sargent is Julian and detestably convincing. Dean Norton, looking very handsome, is the boy who isn't sure of his sex. Eduard Franz as Dr. Goldsmith and Margaret Hamilton as his wife are in interesting contrast to each other. Margaret Williams plays the Negro maid as well as the part permits. In fact, the Forty-Eighth Street stage glows with fine performances. But perhaps it is the oldest trouper of them all who carries off the acting honors. As grandmother Harris, Maria Ouspenskaya exhibits the most complete absorption of her role. She has great dignity and is able to convey a wisdom and a psychological wholeness beyond anything in her lines. She is an actress in a great tradition.

Miss Franken has directed her play with sensitivity and skill. It is reported that Gil-

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bert Miller withdrew from the production during its try-out. Perhaps Mr. Miller felt as desperately baffled as I did: So much clever writing, such splendid performances, such a beautiful set—but where in the name of rationality is the play? The play is still the thing.

★

MARY ELIZABETH SHERWOOD has brought a better than average stock company to the haunted New Amsterdam Roof for a series of revivals and at least one new play. The presentations began with *The Petrified Forest*, one of Robert E. Sherwood's best.

David Alexander, whom some will remember in *Winter Soldiers*, directed the Sherwood play and very well on the whole. *The Petrified Forest* is still a good play and astonishingly well-made. Written in the middle days of the depression, it portrays and indicts the sterility of our individualistic society and hints that something new and of possible promise may be going on in the land of the collectives. It has three major exponents: the Arizona pioneer who, once daring and creative, is now merely garrulous and stingy; Duke Mantee, the killer, extreme product of his environment; and the languid, hopeless, sardonic intellectual who knows that he is incapable of any act of life and desires that he and the Duke be buried as symbols of their time in the nearby petrified forest. Barbara Joyce did an intensely moving job of Gabby Maple, the little rough who instinctively knows the image of beauty and seeks to escape toward it. Wendell K. Phillips in the part of the author whom Leslie Howard first created, was always interesting, though he blurred considerably toward the end. John McQuade was the pattern of Humphrey Bogart, the original killer in the play. It was pleasant sitting in the small, steeply pitched attic-playhouse.

Considering this season's scrubby crop of new plays, Miss Sherwood's company should find a ready audience for some of the more memorable hits of yesterday. However, any stock company presentation is best enjoyed by those who are not plagued by memories of the original production.

HARRY TAYLOR.

Radio and Labor

The trade unions on the air . . . the voice of twelve millions.

TO THE wild surprise of absolutely nobody, radio network executives and high officials of the several advertising agencies—that is, all those making something more than a quick buck out of radio—harp only on the great strength of the medium: the millions who make up its constant audience. These same gentry never whisper a word about radio's obvious weakness: the transience which means that any program, good or bad, can be heard only once—once through the air, and then limbo.

To my knowledge, there has been only one serious plan to combat this weakness. Last spring a group of radio writers, actors, and directors, under the informal chairmanship of Norman Corwin, came up with the idea of an Academy of Radio Arts, which would be broadcast for an hour or two each week over the major networks, and would be made up of the best programs, sketches, songs, or comedy patter which had been offered on other programs during the preceding week. As yet, the plan is still just a plan, but it is to be sincerely hoped that the National Association of Broadcasters and the American Association of Advertising Agencies will perceive the idea's merit and give it the green light.

Until such time, radio's transience will always outweigh its mass audience potentialities, especially for small sustaining programs. As an example of one of these, let us consider the case of *Labor for Victory*, a program which has been on the air regularly for more than a year and a half, but which quite possibly you have never even heard about, much less heard. And yet this program is the only regular radio opportunity afforded the voice of the more than twelve million men and women organized in the AFL and the CIO.

"LABOR FOR VICTORY" was first broadcast in the early days of April 1942. At that time its regular spot was on Saturday night, at 10:15 PM, Eastern War Time, 7:15 PM on the Pacific Coast. To be sure, the National Broadcasting Company, in giving organized labor a time to be heard, allowed it only fifteen minutes (as against the NAM's half hour on the Blue Network), and at that gave it a spot beginning on the quarter hour rather than on the hour or half hour (very important, these distinctions, in radio). But still, it was something, and something to be cheered. After only six months, however, the program was chucked out of its Saturday night slot and transferred to Sunday at 1:15 PM Eastern War Time, 10:15 AM out on the Pacific Coast. There can be no question that this cut the potential audience. The National Broadcasting Company cannot, perhaps, be too harshly criticized for the change; after all, radio time is at a premium these days—they had the chance to sell the Saturday night spot, so. . . . So now, to hear what organized labor has to say about what it is doing to help win the war, or what it thinks should be done to win it more quickly, you've got to get out of bed pretty early, or not go to church, or listen to the radio during Sunday dinner. And in the last twenty months or so, there have been some pretty important things said on this program.

The AFL should perhaps be criticized for a lack of imagination in its radio approach—Phil Pearl, the AFL's publicity

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"The first responsibility of Party membership is that each one of us has to systematically improve his own mind. Each of us has the duty to educate himself and his co-workers at the same time in the whole process of the political struggle which is our everyday business. —EARL BROWDER

★

THE COMMUNIST

November Contents

On the 26th Anniversary of the Soviet Power and the 10th Anniversary of Soviet-American Relations.....*Earl Browder*
On the Eve of the Moscow Conference
The Glorious Victories of the Red Army
Dimitri Manuilsky
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Israel Amter
International Labor Moving Toward Unity
Rose Wortis
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Col. M. Tolchenov
The Auto Workers' Convention....*Roy Hudson*
Remarks on the Discussion Concerning the Dissolution of the Communist International
Hans Berger
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director, submitting meekly to the organization's traditional policy of no appreciable funds spent on education, recreation, or publicity, has organized nothing but fifteen-minute forums, brief opportunities for AFL and government officials to speak with much profundity and no wit on questions of the day. When it comes the CIO's turn to take over (*Labor for Victory* alternates each week between the AFL and the CIO) and there are songs, or dramatic sketches, they are helping build up an audience which may well be lost when it tunes in the following Sunday, to find dull speeches —and nothing else.

THE CIO, on the other hand, has made a serious attempt to put its message across in the best and most entertaining radio forms. Thus, a year or so ago, when the CIO was anxious to attack the idea of a sales tax, the best talents of Marc Blitzstein (as composer and lyricist), Peter Lyon, and Robert L. Richards (as writers), and Jose Ferrer (as singer-narrator), were combined, and a bright satirical, tuneful fifteen minutes resulted. Or, more recently, when the tragic anti-Negro riots took their bloody toll in Detroit, the CIO was able to go on the air the very next Sunday with Paul Robeson starring in a sketch about John Henry, written by Peter Lyon, and featuring a new song of Negro-white unity written by Earl Robinson and Langston Hughes, called "We'll Hammer It Out Together," magnificently sung by Kenneth Spencer. Pressure by the United Automobile Workers in Detroit was effective in having this program rebroadcast over NBC's Detroit station later in the day, so that more thousands would hear how labor is working for the unity of black and white. And those thousands must have been terribly moved, with Bloody Monday still raw on their consciences, to hear Paul Robeson say, with a mighty conviction:

"It is in the heart of every Negro that Jim Crow has got to go—that every form of discrimination against an American on the basis of color, race, creed, or national origin—whether it is discrimination political or economic—has got to go. Not only because it is un-American, although it is un-American. Not only because it is scientifically unsound, although it is that, too. Not only because discrimination is an evil thing. The reason is far more practical than that. The reason is that it must go, if we are to win this war. And with it must go the poll tax, discriminating against Negro and poor white people alike. The anti-Negro riots all over the country—they are Axis-inspired. They are treasonable. They must be stopped. The Negro people are aware of the role the progressive American trade union movement is playing in helping us stamp out Jim Crow. . . ."

Yes, *Labor for Victory* has said some important things, things which radio *should* be saying every day of the year. The program has given every large or important CIO-affiliated union one or more chances to go straight to the people with its story (the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America had the honor of sponsoring the radio premiere of Marc Blitzstein's spine-tingling "Song for the Second Front"). When letters started coming in from listeners in the farm belt, giving evidence of artificially implanted antagonisms which so many farmers had toward labor, the CIO broadcast a program of farmer-labor unity, with Woody Guthrie starring and singing his "Farmer-Labor Train." And the letters the next week from the farm belt apologized for *former* antagonisms.

At the time when Captain Rickenbacker's weighty pronouncements about absenteeism were blackening the front pages of every paper in the country, *Labor for Victory* brought before its microphone five shipbuilders, to cut through the lies and give the facts. The Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, the CIO union most vitally concerned about friendly relations with their Latin American brothers, got Orson Welles, just back from his South American trip, to plump for hemispheric unity. From the West Coast, Paul Franklin, the national president of the Radio Writers Guild, produced a dramatic sketch by Morris Watson, which told of the great work being done by Harry Bridges' longshoremen and warehousemen. *Labor for Victory* has spoken up against the rising cost of living, for postwar security, for political action by labor, for every one of the important points on labor's agenda. Further, it is important to note that a Negro, Frank Griffin, now writes all the CIO *Labor for Victory* shows—the only network series for which a Negro is writing at the moment.

AT 1:15 PM, Sunday afternoon, in the East; 10:15 AM, out West!

It is a shame, to put it mildly, that organized labor's voice should be so stifled, by bad programming; that its voice should be held to such a whisper, by the magnanimous philanthropy of fifteen minutes' sustaining time. The astonishing testimony recently put on the record in Washington before the Federal Communications Commission, when an executive of the Blue Network admitted he would never sell time to a labor union or organization of labor unions for *anything*, even for a commentator like the notorious W. J. Cameron, once heard on the Ford Hour, is ample proof that the networks are not interested in having labor's voice heard by the people in the measure it deserves. (Editors' note: The Blue Network is to be congratulated for having reversed this stand last week.) Here is something for the workers' leaders and their friends to speak out about, and speak out boldly. GEORGE GARRET.

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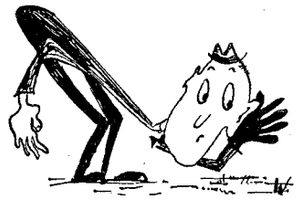

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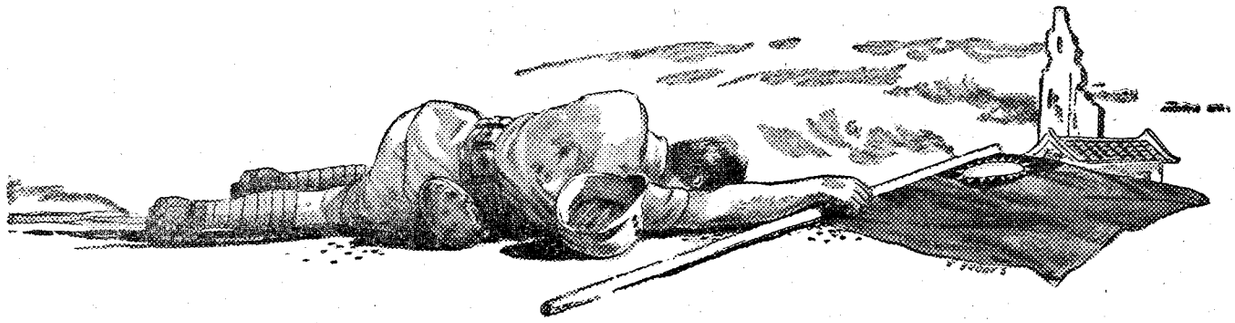

THANKS...to the Chinese, who never had much, but who at least had the guts to stand up to the Japs for seven long years.

Thanks...to the Norwegians, who lost their country but never surrendered themselves.

Thanks...to the Russians, who gave their lives and homes and burned their factories and fields to turn Hitler's dream of conquest into a nightmare of defeat.

Thanks to the British, who might have given up but didn't...to the Yugoslavs, who still fight in the hills...thanks to *all* the freedom-loving people in the world who gave *us* time to gather our strength.

Make your thanks to all of these really mean something...by giving generously to the National War Fund through the New York Committee. Seventeen war relief agencies have banded together in this great work to make the thanks of America mean something both abroad and at home and wherever our men fight on land or sea.

For we owe thanks, too, to the young men of America who gave up careers and good jobs to do the job that has to be done...and to those who cheerfully saw their lives turned upside down so that their men could fight and build ships and turn out tanks and planes and guns, all day and all night.

Because the National War Fund is combined with nine of our own local war-related agencies, you are being asked to give only *once*, this year, for *all* twenty-six. So add up all you would have given to each, and then *double the total!* There's no better way to show your gratitude.

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